Bellefonte Republican.

Established in 1869.} "Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A. LINCOLN. {Terms: $2.00 per annum.

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The Bellefonte Republican

EDWARD T. TUTEN, - - Editor.

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EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

A Republic and slavery in the island of Cuba are both at an end. The Republicans of that island have carried on a hopeless contest with the mother country for nine years.

A bill has been introduced into the State Legislature making cremation a crime. Now let them prepare articles of impeachment against the Devil and remove him from office.

The *Watchman* says that ex-President Grant has arrived in Rome, and of course must do as the Romans do, and adds that Romans get drunk. Does the editor of that paper judge Grant by himself?

Mr. Charles Limb is the name of a new temperance orator. He will shortly make his bough before a Scranton audience. He understands his subject in all its branches and is meeting with tree-mendous success.

Some smartie wanted to stop cremation in this State, and some time ago introduced a bill into the Legislature to bring about that result. What becomes of our boasted American freedom if a man cannot have himself burnt up after he is dead?

The big white or silver dollar put in an appearance at Bellefonte last Week. We got hold of one and think it is full as nice coin as a man need to want. They can only be bought for gold, and the mint is putting them out as fast as they are made.

If President Hayes said, as is alleged, that the Republican party was dead when he came into office, it shows a weakness which we did not suppose he would be guilty of, and we should not be surprised if before the year was out he found it to be one of the liveliest corpses he ever had anything to do with.

The *Watchman* is mad at Governor Nichols, notwithstanding he lost a leg in the Confederate cause, and thinks he "had better have lost his head," and all because the Supreme Court of Louisiana, in the Anderson case, could not see guilt where there was no guilt to see. We advise Meek to send Nichols a paper, it might prevent him from being so honest in the future.

New Hampshire has gone Republican by about one thousand majority. This is a substantial Republican victory, although many Democratic papers, with their usual disregard for truth, are representing that it indicates a great change in their favor. The fact is that the Republicans have held the State almost continuously for twenty-five years, with a majority not any in excess of the present figures.

Whatever may be the result at the ensuing Republican State Convention in its choice for a Gubernatorial candidate, it is gratifying to the friends of our fellow-townsman, General James A. Beaver, to know that his name has been received with unbounded favor by our Republican friends throughout the State. Mr. Beaver's nomination will stand on his merits alone. No act or effort of his will be used to further his chances so far as he is personally concerned. If the choice of the convention should fall upon him it will be gratefully accepted; if the decision shall be otherwise he will cheerfully acquiesce and give the successful candidate his hearty support. A gentleman of Mr. Beaver's reputation, who can occupy so disinterested a position, is certainly an enviable candidate, and we are pleased to know that he is so regarded by his many friends, who will present his name with the assurance that his success in the convention will be our party's success at the polls.

The Labor Question, Again.

We regard as one of the most dangerous indications of the present day, the political movement that has for its avowed object the emancipation of workingmen from all the ills with which they are at present afflicted. In the first place, politics and statute law can do little in the way of securing the ends sought for; then, what is more important, the way in which the pretended labor reformers propose to act is calculated to do much more harm than good.

Statute law is generally the expression of conclusions reached by a large majority of the people; if it is not that, if it does not represent the majority—not only in numbers, but in worth and influence—it will be a dead letter or something worse—a living source of discord and a letting loose of destructive forces. What is wanted is education, enlightenment, to correct the evils in our social organization. So long as a large number of our people are wanting in intelligence sufficient to render them competent to judge of their relations with each other as classes—whether laborers or capitalists—they will be swayed by demagogues, and will accomplish nothing substantial in the way of ameliorating their condition. They may organize a party which shall control every election, they will really gain nothing. For one reason neither they nor their leaders will know how to go to work to accomplish the end they profess to have in view. All the laws they can pass will not help them a particle, and will most probably result in entailing greater miseries upon the country at large, because of their crude and evil character, owing to the want of knowledge of their effect, and the nature of the problem to be solved, on the part of those who frame such statutes.

The real purposes and spirit of those who profess to be leaders in this movement pretendedly for the emancipation of laboring men, is a subject to be seriously considered by every patriot. No considerable party professes, as yet, that we are aware of, to advocate the forcible and arbitrary distribution and equalization of property among all classes, yet such is the inevitable tendency of the positions taken by many of the *soi-disant* reformers. The masses of laborers are induced to enter into this movement with the hope that great gain will thereby accrue to themselves; otherwise they would have no object in concerning themselves about it. The spirit of communism is evidently rife to an alarming extent in this country, having its origin in France and other countries, where violent revolutions are presumed to be the only means of obtaining natural and inherent rights by the multitude.

Our foreign born population are permitted to have too much influence in this respect. However intelligent some of them may be, and however nobly they have battled for popular rights in their own countries, they do not understand the immense difference between our institutions and those they have struggled to assist in overthrowing across the ocean. The conflict for natural rights, for the recognition of the principle that all men were created equal, was fought in this country a century ago; it was decided after a long and bloody war between the opposing ideas and opposing forces, in favor of the majority, the people. Our constitution was formed, and all our laws have since been framed in accordance with the principles thus decided, and which, on the side of the winning party, were expressed in the Declaration of Independence.

What seems to us most alarming in the so-called labor demonstrations, having a political basis, is the fact that the principles of equity, of good will to all, and of a common interest among all classes, are ignored or denied. It appears to be the endeavor of the leaders of the movement to bring the laboring men into direct and uncompromising antagonism with the capitalists, the employers; to persuade them that they are an oppressed and down-trodden class, and are to gain what they claim to be their rights by force, either through a majority at the ballot box, which shall result in the passage of such laws as will accomplish their ends, or more forcibly and violently, by organized strikes, which shall compel a compliance with their demands by virtue of the strong arm. There is among such men no thought or care for the universal good, they care only to benefit themselves, selfishly and unscrupulously. Unquestionably there are a majority of well-meaning men engaged in these movements, but the error and the danger of the situation is that they are too thoughtless or ignorant, too easily persuaded and led by demagogues who hope to achieve distinction and riches by a forcible overturning of existing institutions, making the laborers believe that they are greatly wronged by those who control capital, and exciting an irrepressible hostility and inappeasable conflict between the two. The consequences of such a strife, any thinking man cannot fail to see, will be disastrous to all concerned—to the entire community irrespective of class or condition.

The spirit that is rife in this movement was plainly revealed in the riots of last July. Property of immense value was destroyed, the loss of which decreases by so much the resources of the State, and the means of income of all involved, and especially of the workingmen. True revolutions do not go backward, but this kind of an outbreak does not deserve to be called a revolution; it is merely an effort on the part of a certain class violently to overturn the existing order of things, which cannot advantageously be accomplished except by time and through peaceable measures intelligently considered, honestly adopted, and persistently urged and advocated.

Observing the attitude of those most prominently engaged in the not very excessive disturbances in this town in July last, we were both amused and alarmed, considering what might be, were the malcontents more numerous and somewhat more inflamed. The principal attack was upon a store, the manager of which was *supposed* to have said that ninety cents a day was enough for a laboring man. Another peaceable and industrious young laboring man was led away and barely escaped violence because he was overheard to say something offensive to the rioters, but at length got released by convincing them of the *fact* that he had merely repeated, in the way of narrative, what was said by somebody else. In the case of the attack on the store, it was said, and no doubt truthfully, by one who was prominent in the affair, that if they could only have had a leader and been furnished with a gallon of whiskey they would have 'gutted' the establishment. The person whose reported words were so obnoxious to the attacking party was, if he had got into their hands, to have been ducked in the creek, and to suffer other indignities, and if he had escaped without very serious, if not fatal, injury, he would have been extremely fortunate, considering the temper of the belligerent party.

It is to be remarked that the complaint, in both these cases, was for *words* reported to have been spoken by the offending party, but the utterance of which was afterwards denied, in each instance, under oath, and no doubt truthfully. Let us think for a moment where this spirit is tending. What if one person had said that ninety cents per day was enough for a laboring man, and the other condemned their actions? Are men to be *mobbed* for spoken words, however erroneous they may be, provided they are not treasonable or slanderous? Freedom of speech is one of the first of the rights guaranteed by our constitution. Jefferson said that "Error of opinion may be tolerated when truth is left free to combat it." Persons must not presume to think, or if they believe they must not dare to say, anything offensive to these self-constituted champions of the rights of laboring men. It does not occur to these blind leaders of the blind that while demanding greater privileges for their own class they are striking at the very principle of liberty, and that if the same rule which they would enforce against others when they are temporarily in the ascendent should be applied to their own case, it would consign every one of them who complains of his lot and his employer's to the pepitentiary. They would take us back to the darkest period of the dark ages, overturning all the free ipstitutions of this country which it has cost so much to establish. Of course these men think that they are demanding more freedom for themselves, and deterring opposition, but they would find that it is a rule which works both ways, and its rigid enforcement would be most unfortunate for themselves. It is plainly to be seen that if this class were to obtain the ascendency, they would inaugurate a reign of terror scarcely equalled for atrocity in the history of modern civilization.

We do not mean that a majority of laborers are possessed of a dangerous spirit; we know better. On the contrary, we believe that the workingmen of the country are and must be our chief reliance in times of danger and conflict. But we wish to warn this class not to be misled by the specious arguments of demagogues who would lead them into crooked ways, injurious to themselves and destructive of our free institutions.

That laborers have not generally all the advantages to which they are honestly entitled, we also admit, while contending that the power to correct this state of things is in their own hands, emancipated and aided, as they are, by the privileges of freedom and equality upon which our government is founded. Some suggestions upon that head we had intended to offer, but are admonished that we have transcended the reasonable limits of a newspaper article, and must postpone commentary upon that branch of the subject.

Put this and that Together.

The Harrisburg *Patriot*, discussing the endeavor to form a new political party says:

"This third party, by whatever name it may be called, consists of Republicans who have become wearied and disgusted with the delusive promises of political reform to which they have so often listened and Democrats who have not the patience to wait until the party of their choice could re-inaugurate its ancient policy in the practice of the government. Both of these elements by refusing to adhere to the Democracy only retard the realization of the ends to which they aspire."

If the motives which actuate the Republicans who join the third party spoken of are such as stated above, and if the Democrats who take a similar course are impelled to such action for the reasons stated, it seems to us that the former class are fully justified by the behavior of the latter. If honest Democrats leave their party because they have no faith in its professions of reform, surely Republicans, although dissatisfied with their own organization, have no reason to expect that they would aid the inauguration of the wished-for political millennium by joining with their ancient foes, whom they know to have been more corrupt, when in power, than any party that ever had a chance to steal. It is natural that Democratic party leaders, whose cause is supported by such journals as the *Patriot*, should wish to absorb all the disaffected elements in the country, but it is unfortunate for them that while urging dissatisfied Republicans to take this course they are compelled to allude to the fact that considerable numbers in their own ranks are discontented with this state of things which they find in this party which so loudly professes to advocate reform and honest government. It is an unfortunate circumstance for the Democracy that their organization has a history, and one which is not likely soon to be forgotten.

Anderson Released.

General Anderson, a member of the Louisiana Returning Board, who our readers know was convicted of fraud in doctoring returns at our last presidential election, has been released from durance vile by a decision of the supreme court of that State. There is no doubt in the minds of all candid, honest men, that Anderson was unjustly held for a crime of which he was not guilty. Yet that prototype of misrepresentation and falsehood, the *Democratic Watchman* of this place, says that if this kind of thing goes on much longer "Anarchy must ensue eventually and law become subordinate to expediency." We are sorry for that journal. It no doubt is very much alarmed at the situation. Its editor has always been so pure a politician himself that he cannot look with calmness upon any irregularity, and always cries loudly for the conviction of all criminals, or supposed criminals, especially if they are Republicans, or are loyal to the State or Nation; but if they are Democrats, rebels or rioters, he sees all their faults through a lense which robs them of all their revolting features, and he cries just as vigorously for mercy and condonation.

He thinks that in this Anderson case there is very much the appearance as though a bargain had been made—a criminal shielded in accordance with a previous arrangement, the result of which secured that State for Hayes and Hayes to the presidential office. This case has given the *Watchman* and other fraud journals a chance to harp upon their old tune, which they are all improving. They have sung the song of fraud ever since President Hayes was declared elected, notwithstanding it does not appear, nor can can it be shown by any of them, that he ever did anything, or authorized anything to be done, which might not frankly be proclaimed from the house top.

It was not proven that General Anderson was guilty of any offense. His trial was a farce. The verdict of the lower court was enough in itself to show that the jurors had not acted solely upon their belief as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, and the subsequent recommendation by the foreman made it more clear that his case had not been considered fairly and without prejudice in the jury room; and his incarceration for so long a time, on grounds finally held invalid by a court not too friendly to him, was a gross and manifest injustice. It ought to be apparent to the *Watchman*, and all journals of its class, that it is the grossest absurdity to suppose that the President, or any of his immediate advisors, would take any step which would place them or him in the power of the Louisiana Democrats. Only the most crazy partisanship could prompt such a belief, and those journals that have proclaimed it for nearly a year, have only advertised their own idiocy. Under any circumstances there would have been no occasion for any bargain of the sort. Every Democrat knew in his heart that they were fairly beaten, that the game they were playing was only a game of bluff; therefore when they saw that right was to triumph, all the help desired from Democratic members of Congress was obtained by a mere reiteration of the previously declared opinions of the President in respect to the question.

Any man of sense can see that there was no occasion whatever for forgery of returns, on account of the electoral ticket. The board had unlimited power to throw out whatever parishes or parts of parishes it pleased, and the changes actually alleged to have been made in the returns from Vernan Parish did not effect the result in the State. They did effect, however, certain local elections, and if fraud was committed in respect to those returns, it is in the highest degree probable that it was committed solely with reference to the election of certain legislative or local candidates. It is not proved, however, that General Anderson was cognizant of any such fraud, and his conviction and imprisonment have been prompted by a narrow and malignant spite which reflects no credit upon the party now controlling in Louisiana.

More Testimonials.

Several weeks ago we announced the name of Gen. James A. Beaver as our candidate, as well as the choice of the people of Centre county, for the office of Governor of this commonwealth. Since the announcement we have noticed many words of approval from papers representing every section of our State. Although Gen. Beaver has been a quiet man, taking but little part in politics, yet these endorsements show that his sterling worth is not unknown to many people all over our broad State; that wherever duty has called him the people have instinctively recognized that he bore,—as though stamped upon his forehead—the impress of true manhood, integrity, and worth; just the man in these times of doubt and misgiving to put at the helm of the old ship of state to guide her safely into a haven of peace and rest. Not having sought the position, as he is not now seeking it, he is free from all those entanglements which make some other men so undesirable as candidates. If he is nominated it will be because the people call him and not because he sought to go. In speaking of this nomination the Montour *American* says:

> The Bellefonte Republican strongly urges the name of Gen. James A. Beaver, of Centre county, as the Republican candidate for next governor. No man has a claim to official position, yet it is well to examine the character and past record of those whose names are mentioned for any place and make the nomination to honorable office, not the reward, but the recognition of loyalty, integrity and faithful public service. Few men, if any, can show a more honorable record than Gen. James A. Beaver.

The editor of the Tyrone *Herald*, who is personally acquainted with the General, having been associated with him in the military service, adds his testimony in these words:

> Gen. James A. Beaver, of Bellefonte, was announced through the columns of the Republican of that place some weeks ago, as being the choice of the Centre county Republicans for the Gubernatorial nomination this year, the article giving many good reasons why he should be nominated, and the motion has been seconded and favorably commented upon by many of our exchanges throughout the State. We have only to say that if he is nominated and elected Governor of Pennsylvania, the State will secure an excellent executive. Cool, deliberate, candid, patriotic, energetic, industrious, and eminently able is General Beaver to fill the highest position in the gift of the people of Pennsylvania.

A Southern Claim.

If the following from the Lock Haven *Republican* is correct it shows what may be expected when the Democracy obtain full control of the National Government. If such a misfortune should ever befall us this little bill of $500,000 will be only one of thousands of such claims which will flow in from every section of the South, and every rebel who ever lost a bale of cotton will try to obtain his pay from Uncle Sam. The people of all sections of the country will be taxed to pay. But does the loyal North intend to submit and pay the bill? If they do, all that is necessary is to vote for Democratic supremacy:

> "It is said that the United States Senate will shortly have a bill before it providing for the payment of $500,000 to the Methodist Church South, as remuneration for the Government troops occupying its buildings at Nashville, Tenn. In the first place, such a rental would be an imposition as to price; and in the second place no set of Southern men, more than those who managed the Methodist Church South, aided and justified, abetted and comforted treason. It was the Methodist Church South that preached the first practical crusade for disunion. The ministers of that denomination rent their organization in twain, planting the white, and pure, and peerless banner of Christ's freedom and brotherly love side by side with the black flag of hate, schism, war, rapine and murder, the symbol of human slavery. When the bill comes before Congress we hope to see the Methodist Church South properly discussed, because if this claim is paid, then, without a doubt, we begin the payment of the rebel debt, because the Methodist Church South was the most effective organ treason and slavery had when it warred on the Government."

The Bellefonte Republican

By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Poetry.

MY NEIGHBOR'S BABY.

Across in my neighbor's window,
With its drapings of satin and lace,
I see, neath its flowing ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.
His feet, in crimson slippers,
Are tapping the polished glass,
And the crowd in the streets look upward,
And nod and smile as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window,
Catching flies in the sun,
With a patched and faded apron,
Stands my own little one.
His face is as fair and handsome
As the baby's over the way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking
At my toiling every day.

Sometimes, when the day is ending,
And I sit in the dusk to rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling
Hugged close to my lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbor's baby
May not catch Heaven's roses all,
But that some may crown the forehead
Of my loved one, as they fall.

And when I draw the stockings
From his weary little feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples
In his limbs, so round and sweet,
I think of the dainty garments
Some little children wear,
And that my God withholds them
From mine so pure and fair.

* * * * * *

May God forgive my envy,—
I knew not what I said;
My heart is crushed and troubled,
My neighbor's boy is dead!
I saw the little coffin
As they carried it out to day,—
A mother's heart is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window;
The flowers bloom at my door;
My boy is chasing the sunbeams
That dance on the cottage floor,
The roses of health are blooming
On my darling's cheek to-day,
But the baby is gone from the window
Of the mansion over the way.

Our Story Teller.

Miss Marjoribanks.

She was nineteen years old, a slight, graceful young girl, with laughing brown eyes and red lips that knew how to pout no less than how to smile. She was the one creature to whom my far from susceptible heart had ever bowed in true love-homage, and she was the richest heiress in Peatshire.

Alas, the knowledge of this latter fact blighted ruthlessly enough the first blossoms of hope with which her presence inspired me! I was only a lieutenant in a marching regiment, wholly dependent on my pay, compelled to deny myself many of the luxuries my more fortunate brother officers regarded as the necessities of life; and I was far too proud to enroll myself amongst the suitors of the rich Miss Marjoribanks. My sole recommendations consisted of my connection with old and aristocratic English families—who were so greatly interested in my career that Lord Penhagard had actually procured my commission for me, and Vanguard, of Castle Vanguard, put a guinea into the christening-cup he sent me as an infant—and my own personal appearance.

Of course the various attractions of Miss Marjoribanks procured for her numerous devoted admirers. The maiden aunt who acted as *chaperon* to the orphan girl could scarcely have held an enviable position, for, on one hand, it was easy to perceive her perpetual dread of ineligibles and fortune-hunters, and, on the other hand, Miss Katherine herself was such a whimsical self-willed little personage that it needed a considerable amount of tact and patience to act as her guide and guard.

At the time I first made her acquaintance her latest crotchet was the well-worn subject of "woman's rights," or rather their unmitigated wrongs. My opinion on the subject being then, as now, that woman's highest sphere is the domestic, and that only those few who cannot penetrate the circle do well to set their purpose beyond it, Miss Marjoribanks entered the list against me at once, and, compelling me in honesty to utter certain truths concerning American society in those quarters where the movement has been most encouraged, flashed upon me glances of the the utmost indignation and contempt.

"And what do you mean by 'masculine' ladies, Mr. Richmond?" she queried sarcastically. "Is a lady masculine who assumes certain privileges your selfish sex has monopolized? One really meets with so few men now-a-days that it is quite time the character was sustained creditably even by poor creatures like ourselves, who bear it as a term of reproach."

"My dear!" remonstrated gentle Miss Marjoribanks senior at this crisis.

I simply bowed in reply; for, though my opponent was generally rude when she tried to be ironical, I knew that she was a spoilt little creature; and, besides, I rather enjoyed those contests with brown-eyed Kate. The safest plan, when in her company, was alwas to quarrel desperately with her.

"My dearest friends are two American young ladies whom I met last summer at Heidelberg," said my fair foe, with strong dignity. "I learnt from them that a single lady makes long journeys unaccompanied in America, as if she were one of your privileged sex. In England one must be surrounded by friends if one would not trespass beyond the limits of propriety; there such delightful freedom is a matter of course. Aunt, why should you come to Ventnor with me this year? Can't I go and board in a family, and experience the charms of solitude and liberty for once in my life?"

"Go and board in a family! My love," replied the old lady, "our furnished house is already engaged, and it would be highly improper for a single young—"

"There—I knew I should hear that word 'improper'! I am tired of the sound. All one cares to do or say is sure to be improper in the eyes of society. Well, no one can accuse me of being proper."

"True," was my murmured response.

"What do you mean, Mr. Richmond, by sitting there insulting me?" cried Kate, very angrily. "How dare you say I ever forgot myself or my position? If you don't know how to behave you had better remount that ill-tempered horse of yours. I wouldn't be seen on such an obstinate creature, I know."

"'Nobody ax'd you, sir, she said,'" was my reply. "Sultan was a dead bargain, Miss Marjoribanks, and I have a propensity for bargains. Your aunt has invited me to five o'clock tea, and, as that is an institution I admire, I shall not trouble my steed at present. You cannot blame me when I politely acquiesce in your own propositions."

"Oh, you can stay if you choose!" said Kate disdainfully. "The Misses Ducie are coming—I believe you know them; some people think them the beauties of the county."

"They are more than beautiful," I exclaimed enthusiastically—"there is something so eminently graceful in their quiet and lady-like demeanor."

"Yes," said restless Kate, getting up and crossing to the window, whence she turned round suddenly with the impatient exclamation, "Mr. Richmond, you took Sultan over the lawn for a short cut, for he has broken three geranium plants in one of the side beds. I do wish you would remember the flowers are my special treasures."

"I will make a note of it," returned I, taking out my tablets; whereat good old auntie looked up from her embroidery and remarked—

"Somehow you two are always quarreling. Katie love, you should receive your friends more cordially."

"So I will, auntie," agreed Miss Kate, looking daggers at my tablets. "Miss Ducie and Major Saffron are just riding up the avenue, and Col. Ducie follows with Augusta." And Kate waved her hand with frantic cordiality to the equestrians.

I could not wonder that the Major, a perfect lady's knight, met with the favor denied to me, but somehow the appearance of his elegance in that pleasant room seemed to rob it of half its sunshine.

Many of Miss Katherine's suitors would have given much could they have enjoyed as I did free *entree* to Harts, Meadowlade. The fact of the matter was that in years gone by my own dear mother (who lived—bless her!—in a pill-box at Kensington called the Retreat) had been the favorite school friend of the elder Miss Marjoribanks; and, when Col. Ducie first introduced me at Harts, the latter lady had recognized my likeness to Millicent Vanguard, whom she had lost sight of for years, and, finding me to be the son of her old friend, forthwith adopted me into her choicest favor. As a rule, the good aunt was chary of penniless officers, as those who had debts and necessities; but I think she trusted her friend's son not to abuse her confidence, though I must confess that she gave me freely many a *tete-a-tete* with her beautiful niece.

Between the latter and myself it was somehow or other war to the knife; we never could agree, and men took to condoling with me on Miss Katherine's openly manifested prejudice.

The military bets were heavy on the chances of Major Saffron; he had property of his own, and his father's lands, which he would inherit, ran into the Harts' estate; so that, whilst I could not bear to hear the county ladies dragged into our slang regimental gossip so frequently, I inwardly agreed in the general opinion, and my heart ached the while, as many a young fellows has done before me, from the consciousness of poverty.

At last our mutual disputes came to a crisis; it was one July evening, when, in self-defence, I had chased Miss Marjoribanks—as represented by a striped blue ball—all over the croquet lawn. My party won the victory, and I saw that Kate, who prided herself on her skill, was deeply offended with me.

For two or three hours we did not come in each other's way; but later on, when the dew was falling, I saw Kate resting alone on a garden seat, and, as most of the guests had retired, I went up to her to say "good-bye."

To my surprise, the face she turned to me was a very troubled one; the sweet lips were quivering, and tears glistened in the radient eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Richmond," she exclaimed, rising and composing herself, "is it you? How late you are! They have all gone home."

"Major Saffron is in the drawing-room with your aunt," said I, hurt by her discourteous tone; "but then he is a privileged person."

Katherine made no reply; her face was suffused with blushes—and how those blushes angered me!

"Well, good night," said I coldly; "if I walk fast perhaps I shall catch up to the Ducies. What a charming family that is!"

"Why do you not give them more of your company then?" asked Kate scornfully. "Miss Ducie will have a considerable dowry."

"What do you mean, Miss Marjoribanks?" I exclaimed, seizing her by the wrist.

"Let me go, sir! How dare you? I mean that your visits here are a great deal too frequent, in my position—"

"As an heiress," said I, with a very pale face.

"It is most annoying to be questioned concerning your constant presence here. This very evening I was asked—"

"If there is anything between us? Should Major Saffron repeat the question, tell him I would sooner marry a decent maid servant, who knows how to act as a self-controlled woman!" And I flung her hand away with almost a cruel force.

"And I would sooner marry my footman, who is an honest man, and chooses to labor for the bread he eats, than an idle and extravagant fortune hunter."

Katherine was at the height of her fury now. My own voice was husky with suppressed rage, as I said—

"Somebody has slandered me to you through motives of self interest; but, be that as it may, the friend that can give credence to such ideas is not one to be retained. I wish you good evening, Miss Marjoribanks, trusting that in your calmer moments you will allow that I have hinted at naught beyond friendship during the period of our free intercourse."

"Who said you had?" she asked sharply. "I am sure nobody wished it."

"Of that I am particularly conscious; I promise you that my presence shall not inconvenience you in future. I wish I could easily forge your observation as you will forget the temporary inconvenience it has caused you. Good-bye."

But Kate turned her back resolutely upon me, and commenced pulling to pieces the flowers of the finest Gloire de Dijon rose bush; I had nothing for it but to march off in the contrary direction, as miserable in spirit as my most bitter enemy could have desired.

So deeply had Miss Marjoribanks wounded my pride and sense of honor that her behavior fought half the battle for me against my hopeless love; I flattered myself I had learnt at last to despise the passionate beauty, and to dwell with equanimity on the idea of her approaching engagement to Major Saffron. But the latter regarded me somehow with very ill looks whenever we came into contact; and, as for my own feelings toward him, had duelling still been permitted in the British army, I would gladly have proved to him I did not value my honor so lightly as, I felt certain, he had represented to Katherine. The good old aunt sent me two or three invitations after my quarrel with her niece; but these I of course declined; and the old lady took offense by and by, for she ceased to ask me, and gave a very dignified bow when I met her driving into Holmton, where our troops were. I caught sight of Kate several times at church, and in the country lanes; once indeed our horses met in the avenue leading to Ducie House—I was riding up to see my Colonel, and Kate, followed by her servant, was just leaving the grounds. It was a dead "cut" on her part; she looked straight before her, her head as high in the air as it was possible to lift it, whilst her man touched his hat, evidently much exercised in mind as to his young lady's blindness.

Miss Marjoribanks did not have the chance to favor me with another "cut," for, as good luck would have it, a few days after that incident I was drafted off with several others to Knightsbridge Barracks, there to remain for a short time till we took our turn to a foreign station. The last place I visited on the night before we marched out of Holmton was Harts; I was romantic enough to desire a parting view of the grand old casket which enshrined my—no, not my treasure, but Major Saffron's. I wished them both good luck. But it was eleven o'clock P. M., and nobody was the wiser concerning my final folly.

My home welcome was delightful enough to soothe my ruffled feelings in some degree; better than any regimental banquet at which I had ever assisted seemed that quiet knife-and-fork tea in the pretty little breakfast room at Kensington, the lace curtains waiving in at the open window, which was filled with flowers, and the table groaning beneath the dainties which my womankind had prepared in my honor, not trusting our cook's skill on such an occasion. My sister, Millicent, a lovely, gay-eyed creature of twenty-eight, soon to be married to the curate of the neighboring church, who had just obtained a living near Brighton, presided at the tea-tray, and the dear old mother herself, whom I had not seen for months, tried with trembling hands to help me to my favorite dishes, her kind eyes dim with tears of joy at my presence at hom once more. With a deep anxiety both mother and sister spoke of my pale looks, but I turned off the subject with a jest.

Christmas came and went, and I heard rumors that the gallant—Foot had not many more weeks to remain in the old country; Jamaica was said to be our destination. The Retreat was in despair at the prospect of my departure, and indeed, when I looked at my mother's white hair and wrinkled hands, I could have found it in my heart to wish that her only son might have done his duty nearer home. Nor can I deny that lingering regrets concerning Meadowlade enhanced my distaste for the West Indies; of course Miss Marjoribanks was by this time engaged to Saffron, whose regiment still remained at Holmton, but I did not find it easy to forget where for the first time I had learnt to love.

"Never shall I forget," as novelists say, a certain wet, cold, dreary January evening which brought about the crisis of my life; in this case the phrase is as true as trite. That evening with all its incidents can never be erased from my memory.

The clergyman's little sister had been spending the day with Millicent at the Retreat. Being then at home on leave, I gallantly escorted them back in a hansom to Belgravia; and the three little girls keenly appreciated the rather ancient jokes I perpetrated for their benefit *en route* to the paternal dwelling at Pimlico. Having deposited my merry charges, I remembered I had a commission to perform at a library in the neighborhood. I resolved to chance its still being open, and was just taking out my cigar case, when, on turning down a side street, I ran abruptly against a girlish waterproofed figure that vainly endeavored to support against the wind a slight umbrella inclined to blow inside out. The girl drew back with a scarcely warrantable air of terror; but at my courteous "A thousand pardons" she evidently took courage, for she paused timidly and asked in a trembling voice—

"Oh, please, am I going the right way for Victoria Station?"

"Miss Marjoribanks!" I cried, with a wildly beating heart; surely that voice was familiar.

"Why, it is Mr. Richmond! What an extraordinary *rencontre!* I do not know if you consider it gentlemanly to stand staring like a goose in the middle of the pavement; but if you do not mean to direct me perhaps you will allow me to pass."

I had no doubt now of her identity; but what could it all mean? How did it come to pass that the carefully guarded heiress, who lived in Sussex, was alone in the London streets at twenty minutes to nine P. M.?

"Have you no attendant, Miss Kate? Surely you are not traveling about here quite alone?"

"Your curiosity is impertinent, sir; my business is my own, and I have been attending to it. I am just about to return to Meadowlade, and if you delay me any longer I shall miss the Victoria train."

I turned around and took her umbrella, giving her the shelter of my own, which was large enough to serve for both.

"Will you take my arm?" said I coldly. "For your aunt's peace of mind it is right you should accept my escort to the station; I cannot think how she would permit you to make such a journey unaccompanied."

"I don't want your arm," replied Kate abruptly; "but you can show me the way if you wish—still, don't let all the drippings of your umbrella fall on my shoulder. You always were so awkward. As for auntie, she has no idea I am not at present at Ducie House. There was a ball there last night, and I am staying there till their private theatricals next Thursday. I told the Ducies I would run over to Harts to-day—and so I did for ten minutes—and I said I would be back for seven o'clock dinner. I came up to London about one o'clock, but my business kept me here later than I supposed, and I missed the four o'clock down train. I shall get to Victoria in time for the 9:10 to Clapham. I must change there, of course."

"So the Ducies think you have stayed at Harts, your aunt supposes you are safe at Ducie House, and you are wandering about London!" I exclaimed in a voice of horror.

"Yes, it's almost as romantic as an elopement. But now I shall go back to Harts, for I could never present myself so late at Ducie House. Auntie will have a fit of hysterics, but she'll soon get over it."

"But what on earth has brought you into these little by streets, Miss Marjoribanks?" I asked gravely. "Your conduct is most imprudent, to say the least of it."

"I won't be questioned or lectured by you!" cried Kate imperiously. "Mind your own affairs, if you please. I see the station now, and I decline your company farther. Give me my umbrella; you had no right to address me. I thought you were aware our acquaintance had ceased."

I thought this rather unfair of Miss Marjoribanks, seeing she herself had commenced the conversation, but I raised my hat in haughty silence, and Kate hurried on with as much dignity as the weather permitted, whilst I followed her at a safe distance, determined to go down myself by the Clapham train, that I might be assured she made the right change for Holmton.

"Which is the way for the Clapham train?" asked Kate, directly she entered the station, of an inspector.

"9-10—barrier over there," pointed the inspector; "it will be late to-night though, miss."

It was five minutes past nine already, but the man at the barrier was not clipping the tickets as asual, and indeed the whole station seemed in an unusual commotion, and poor little Kate turned very pale, as one or two porters, hurrying towards a particular platform, jostled accidentally against her. At last she marched up to one of them, and asked when the Chapham train would start. The man was labelling bags in a great hurry, and paid no attention to the gentle voice. I was behind the bookstall, but I heard the query, and would have hastened to her assistance but that I felt rather revengeful just then, and meant to indulge rather longer Katie's oft-expressed desire to travel unprotected.

She waited a few minutes longer, beating her foot impatiently on the flooring, and then addressed herself to another official present.

Can't say, miss; trains is all anyhow to-night, on account of H.R.H. Prince Waldemar of Prussia.

On account of the Prince! she exclaimed, much puzzled.

Yes, miss; he's going down to Portsmouth with all his suite to embark before morning, and they're rather late, so we are all upset.

But, if the Clapham train is late, I shall never catch the last train to Holmton! cried Kate in despair. It leaves a little before ten, I know.

And we've orders to keep the line clear till ten, miss, said the man. Clapham trains can't run before that anyhow.

Oh, what shall I do? appealed the poor girl to the man. I have only my return ticket with me. Where can I go to-night?

Can't say, miss, said the man respectfully, but evidently much preoccupied with the luggage he was arranging on a truck. Haven't you got no friends in this here neighborhood?

Ere Kate could reply he was summoned to the other side of the station by an inspector, and she was left there by the huge pile of luggage, looking about as pitifully helpless and bewildered as the most weak-minded creature she had ever despised. I saw her shrink away as the bustle of the august arrival commenced, and address herself to the waiting room woman who had hastened out to see the spectacle; but the latter did not hear or did not heed her. I saw her pushed against the wall by eager passengers desirous of obtaining a glance at certain members of our own Royal Family, who had come to take leave of their guest; but, when I saw a whiskered fellow stoop towards her and frighten her into a ghastly pallor by a kissing sound he meant for chaff, I could bear it no longer, but walked up to her and put my arm within hers to draw her out of the noisy crowd.

Poor Miss Marjoribanks! She had not much dignity left by this time. She perceived me with a little cry of thankful delight, and clung to me in a manner that surely Major Saffron would not have approved.

"You will give me some money to go to sleep at an hotel?" said she. "You know aunt will repay you directly I get home."

"That will never do," returned I decidedly. "Your aunt would never forgive you or me did you take up your abode at a public hotel. It seems impossible however for you to return home to-night."

"Indeed it is," said she, turning her head away to hide her inclination to cry. "Oh, Mr. Richmond, I am in such trouble! Whatever is to become of me?"

"Nothing very dreadful," replied I soothingly. "The only plan is for me to take you home, if you don't mind. My mother and sister live at Kensington, and will give you the kindest of welcomes."

"Oh, can I go there? How kind of you to let me! But I don't like to go," said she, blushing confusedly.

"Does it—does it look well for me to go to a strange house so late? Your mother is sure to say it is improper for me to be out alone at this time;" and she laughed nervously.

"So it is," answered I—"but you'll be good in future, I venture to say, and never do it any more. As for my mother, she's the dearest old lady in the world, and we will all try hard to make you comfortable."

By this time we were well out of the station, Kate still clinging to me by both hands. There was no occasion for this now, but she evidently felt safer so, and I did not forbid it.

"Mr. Richmond," said she presently, "where should I have gone had you not come up to me? How were you just then at the station?"

"I was minding my own business," replied I politely; and Kate took the hint, and inquired no further.

Just as we reached a cab-stand she paused and said—

"I ought to tell you I came up to town to see a sick friend. Once she was my governess, but her husband deserted her, and she is in great trouble. I heard by chance only this week of it, and I knew aunt would not come to town for some time; and I wanted to see my old friend, for I was so fond of her. I have been with her all day, and I am sure my visit has done her good—the doctor says so."

"I am sure of it," agreed I, knowing what an angel of charity my darling had proved to many a needy one ere that; "it was a good work, Miss Marjoribanks, but the means were bad. It is not the right thing for you to travel alone—and, besides, you had to employ deception."

"I am very sorry," said the girl, in a broken voice—"I see it was quite wrong. You are very good. Please pardon all my rudeness."

I almost crushed the tiny hand on my arm, but, remembering Kate's unprotected condition just then, I would not take a mean advantage of it; so I hastily called a cab from the stand, and, placing her within, jumped with a glad heart upon the box beside the driver. I cared little enough for the sleet and wind on that night.

The Retreat must have seemed a veritable pigeon-hole to Katherine when the cab stopped before the door. Our hall was small enough in itself, and it looked still smaller, being the receptacle of so many rare skins which my father, an Indian officer, had procured abroad. Yet I doubt if the snug home look about the place did not possess a charm for her on that inhospitable evening. The gas burned brightly, and my mother was seated in her great arm-chair beside a cheerful fire in the dining-room.

"Mother, can you make room to-night for the niece of your old friend Miss Marjoribanks? She is in great distress for shelter, having paid a visit in town, and lost the last train home—fortunately I came to her rescue at Victoria. Miss Marjoribanks is terrified at her audacity in intruding; but I have received such great kindness from her aunt in the country that I am sure you will be thankful to discharge some portion of my obligation."

"Lost the last train! Dear, dear! You must have had a fright, child!" said my mother, taking Kate by both hands, and kissing her kindly. My mother did not know of her little visitor's importance in the social scale; but, at any rate, the action brought a blush of pleasure to the girl's face, and rendered her more at her ease.

"But you were all alone, my dear, at Victoria? Your friends should have sent some one with you to the station."

Poor Kate looked sadly confused; but I answered in her stead.

"A gentleman escorted her to the station, mother; but Miss Marjoribanks dismissed him rather too soon."

"Did you, my dear? He should have known it is very improper—"

At this word I burst out laughing, and Kate could not forbear joining me, but her agitation turned her laughter into hysterical sobs, and my mother forgot everything save her anxiety to reassure her.

I hurried away in search of my sister Millie, and told her rather more than I had stated to my mother. Millie must have read in my excited face even more than my words expressed, for she passed her fingers smilingly through my damp hair, and told me the incident was as good as a three-volume novel.

By and by, when we gathered round the supper table, we constituted as comfortable a party as could have been wished. Kate looked to me more beautiful than ever in her plain serge dress and neat cuffs and collar, her only adornment being her gold watch and chain, and Millicent had amply fulfilled her promise to me of making her guest feel at home.

"We are so much obliged to you, my dear," said my mother gratefully, "for the kindness our Jack has experienced from your aunt and yourself."

"Our Jack" met the bright eyes for a moment, and "hemmed" dubiously.

"Do not mention it, Mrs. Richmond," was the young lady's grave reply.

"You seem to lead a gay life of it down in your neighborhood," said Millicent; "when Jack was at Holmton, he was constantly reporting some new form of dissipation."

"His company was so much in request everywhere," commenced Kate.

"And nobody ever grew tired of it," I added.

"Why, of course not, Jack!" said my mother, wonderingly.

"Do they miss me very much, Miss Majoribanks?" I asked sentimentally. "You haven't heard of any romantic suicides down your way, have you? How many lovelorn damsels have followed the example of the 'bailiff's daughter,' and put on mean attire, and straight to London town have come, about me to inquire?"

Speaking at random, I had no idea of imputing anything personal by this last query; but Kate's cheeks were aflame while she answered lightly—

"We have not noticed any especial emotion, Mr. Richmond; but of course the deepest grief makes the least display."

"Ah," said I, "it's evidently a case of 'she never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,' and so forth! Whoever she is, I am very sorry for her, for, be it known unto you all, I am already married."

"Jack!" exclaimed my mother and sister in consternation. Kate did not speak, but her great eyes opened wide, and her fork fell into her plate with a great clatter.

"Leave a little of the silver sound, if you please, Miss Marjoribanks," said I, looking full at Kate, and noticing how suddenly her brown eyes fell. "I was about to observe, when my family interrupted me, that I have sworn to love, honor and cherish that precious creature so often at my side. John Vanguard Richmond is wedded to his sword. My noble bride changes not, but will be true unto the end of the chapter."

"Ah, Jack, what a tongue yours is!" exclaimed Millicent. "We shall enjoy a little peace at home when you have taken your departure for the golden West."

"And, as for being a celibate," said my mother, "I quite expect to hear you are bringing me home some rich planter's daughter. Confess you have made up your mind to it, Jack?"

"Anything over a million will do," replied I carelessly—"thanks for the hint, mother."

"What is that about the golden West?" asked Kate, with sparkling vivacity. "Is Mr. Richmond intending to make an American tour? I know his admiration for the advanced institutions of Columbia."

"Ah my dear," said my mother, her gentle face clouding sadly, "would it were only a tour! Jack is expecting orders to embark with his regiment for Jamaica, so that we shall lose him for six or seven years at least."

"Good riddance!" put in Millicent, but her voice shook even as she uttered the words.

"Oh! I did not know," remarked Kate; and after a moment she added gaily: "They say travel breeds conceit; I hope the seven years will not destroy your natural diffidence, Mr. Richmond."

"Your good opinion is too much for my feelings, Miss Marjoribanks," said I, drawing out my handkerchief—pardon my overwhelming emotion."

My mother and Millicent burst out laughing, which result had been my aim and end; but the former noticed soon after that Kate was looking sadly pale, and the latter, opining she was tired out, undertook to escort her to her repose.

When Millicent returned to the dining room the supper things were removed, and my mother was dozing over her knitting, whilst I was extended on the sofa, my head resting on my arm. I was thinking of all it had been to me to see Kate amongst us that evening. I was thinking of the sweet, noble qualities still springing up flower-like amid the weeds of self-will and pride. I was thinking how the hand of love could best direct that loving heart. I wondered if Major Saffron—But, pshaw, why waste my time lounging and musing on "might-have-beens?"

"Jack, dear," said Millie, kneeling down beside me, "she is the prettiest girl I have ever seen."

"Don't, Milly!" opposed I irritably.

"And her heart is true and womanly, Jack; she has told me the particulars of her escapade, and she is grieving over her folly—more so, I think, than she need. I assure you she has just sobbed herself to sleep in my arms. It is evident her indulgent training has kept her very childlike and clinging, though it has fostered many faults."

"Has she told you she is the great Peatshire heiress?" I asked bitterly. "She has more suitors than she knows how to manage, and more money than she knows how to spend."

"Oh, is poor little Kate the rich heiress whose whims are the talk of the county? I remember you described her fully in your first letter from Holmton. No wonder then, poor child, she is so unhappy."

"What on earth has she to be unhappy about? I don't see why a few extra thousands should depress her spirits—you women are such idiots!"

"And you men are so clever," said Millie—"you possess such a wonderfully clear insight into human nature."

"Jack, what is this noise about? Is it time to go to bed?" asked my mother, rousing herself. "Is it time to go to bed."

"Yes, for the ladies, Mrs. Richmond. I will smoke my cigar of peace. Good night, Millie. Jack's a bear, isn't he, old girl?"

The next morning Miss Marjoribanks had thoroughly regained her usual "snubbing" deportment towards myself. She answered my few curt remarks—for I was all in the blues—in monosyllables, scarcely deigned a glance in my direction, and turned to caress Millicent's Skye terrier when she saw me approaching her after breakfast.

I was offended at her manner, for I read in it that she feared I might presume on our friendly relations of the previous evening. My purpose was merely to show her the timetable, as she had requested, and this I did with as little familiarity as the most reticent damsel could have desired.

"Your mother has lent me a sovereign," said she, "my ticket being no longer available. As I am near the —— Road Station, I will go that way to Clapham, Victoria being so much farther."

"Yes," answered I, "most of the Victoria trains stop here between 8 A. M. and 8 P. M. Do you know how the Holmton trains run?"

"Could I not catch the 12:30 express? If aunt discovers my absence from Ducie House before she sees me safe and sound, I do believe she will have a fit. I had better put on my hat and jacket."

"Do not forget to give my letter to your dear aunt, child," said my mother, joining us at that moment.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Richmond! It will be a peacemaker; and I am only too grateful to you for writing, and for all your kindness to a stranger."

"Indeed, my dear, I have quite enjoyed your visit; and next time you are in town I hope you will come and cheer my loneliness. Millie is going to run away from me by and by, and it will need somebody of your lively disposition to make up to the Retreat for Jack's loss.

Kate put her arms rather suddenly round the old lady's neck and gave her a genuine hug.

"Aunt will make you come and stay with us, Mrs. Richmond," said she. "Millie is going to spend the month before her marriage at Harts, and we shall want you too.

I felt excessively annoyed that my quiet sister's head should be turned by the luxurious life in Kate's dwelling.

"I scarcely think," said I, "that my mother and sister will be able to leave home before the wedding. They make a great commotion over travelling, being regular home-birds."

"You speak when you are spoken to!" spoke Miss Marjoribanks snappishly. And then she departed upstairs to don her walking attire.

The morning had dawned so fine that Kate needed no longer to wear her waterproof cloak over her velvet jacket and furs. She looked the heiress when she came down again in a plenitude of ermine, a rare golden bird in her little seal hat.

"Let me carry your cloak," said I, buttoning up my overcoat.

Kate began resolutely to decline my company, but my mother interposed.

"I have told your aunt, dear, that Jack will put you into the Holmton train at Clapham—I do not like the idea of your travelling alone. However, he has turned sulky this morning, and is too lazy to go beyond the neighboring station."

"I think my further escort will be unnecessary," said I stiffly. If I forced my company on Kate, would she not believe the fortune-hunter was taking advantage of his opportunity?

Quite so, said Miss Marjoribanks carelessly.

Then the embraces of the three ladies commenced, and I thought Millie would never let Kate leave the house. Earnest looks passed between them which I wholly failed to comprehend, and Kate clung to my sister, and whispered something in her ear which must have had reference to Millie's marriage. The latter laughed outright and told her girls of nineteen were geese and she was the silliest of little goslings.

We marched down the road to the station in dignified silence. For the life of me I could not frame a sentence fit to utter. I felt these were the moments of a life-parting, and I dreaded what might pass my lips in conversation, it might be, with Saffron's *fiancee*. And, for once in her life, my little companion was silent.

Is the 11-5 to Clapham in?

No, sir. You will find it marked with a star in the time-table—Saturdays only. You've just missed one, sir—twenty minutes to wait.

Shall we go home, Miss Marjoribanks, or wait at the station?

Nice fire in the waiting room, said the porter.

The spacious apartment was entirely unoccupied, and Kate sat down on a comfortable couch near the fireplace. I ransacked my brain for something safe and reasonable to say.

Major Saffron all right, eh? I had not the slightest intention of broaching this dangerous subject; yet somehow the words slipped from me.

Yes, said Kate; and she bent to fasten her double-buttoned glove.

Allow me, requested I, leaning towards her; but she drew back as though I had proposed to shoot her.

You need not be so frightened of my machinations, I exclaimed bitterly. Saffron need not lie concerning every fellow he sees at Harts; all of us are ready to congratulate him; and, as for me, I am saying good-bye to England for years, and it may be for ever.

Button it, said Kate hastily; and I did try to do so, but my hand was shaking; and, finally, I just held the little palm in my own as I sat beside her, wondering all the time why she allowed it, and when her indignation would have vent.

Kate, began I suddenly, what is the matter with you? You are trembling all over. Have I offended you?

She shook her head and looked up at me. For a long moment I read her face, and I had to bite my lips to repress the passionate declaration of love that rose to them. Was it pleading, was it trouble, I saw in those hazel depths? Was there not something all womanly, earnest, unfathomable? At any rate, I read therein that Kate was not engaged to Major Saffron.

Hem! I coughed nervously, for I would shake off the temptation. Is not your train beyond its time, Miss Marjoribanks?

No, said Kate; and with her disengaged hand she began twisting the button of my rough overcoat, her eyes cast down all the while.

Kate, began I hotly, in a husky voice, If you were at this moment as poor as Millicent's clergyman, do you know what I should do, and value the privilege more than all the banknotes in the world?

Clapham train! shouted the stentorian voices on the platform.

Good-bye! Heaven ever bless you! cried I, starting up. Make haste; here comes the train.

I can't go alone, said she—and, indeed, she was shaking from head to foot. I don't feel safe alone.

Don't ask me to come Kate, I dare not, returned I passionately.

Don't leave me alone, Jack, said little Kate.

I rushed to procure a ticket, and the guard thrust us into an empty *coupe* just as the train was starting.

"Mr. Richmond, I want to speak to you." I sat moodily gazing out of the window, my arms folded, my thoughts obstinately repeating, "What will the world say if you court such a fortune as this?" "And I want you to promise you won't look at me while I speak. It is only a fable I want tell you, but—perhaps a woman should not——" Here Kate began to stammer and look like a rose.

"Don't say or do anything a woman should not," said I, in a grumpy a tone as possible.

"Oh, you are cross!" rejoined little Kate, fingering the buttons again.

Of course I repossessed myself of the hands. I could not help it.

"Fire away at your fable," said I; "I won't look at you—something better to do. I'll fasten your glove."

"Once upon a time," she began, "there was a spirit used to live on the top of a mountain—such a noble, handsome spirit—such a glorious spirit!"

"Anything like you, Miss Marjoribanks?"—"No, more like you."

"Oh!" said I. "Proceed."

"And there was another spirit the noble spirit saw hovering above him, all in the dark, gloomy clouds, only the noble spirit did not know that. He thought she was an angel, and lived in the blue beautiful sky."

"Ah, the other spirit was a she?"

"No, they were both its—they were spirits. The mountain-spirit sometimes wanted to talk to the other one because it fancied it was a nice spirit—only it was not nice at all—and the spirit higher up was very, very lonely, and did so want to make friends with the mountain-spirit. But they never spoke a word, because one was too proud and the other was shy. But by and by the mountain-spirit was going to fly right away, and—and——"

"Why, Kate!"

But Kate's head had gone right down on to my shoulder, and her face was hidden there.

"And the cloud-spirit said to itself, 'I cannot—cannot bear it: the mountain-spirit sha'nt fly away before it knows the truth. It won't try to fly up. I will—fly down—to the mountain.'"

"So that's your fable, my own sweet love? Nay, Kate, let me raise you, pet. I cannot bear the taunts of the world; I cannot forget your wealth."

"Jack!"

"Don't look like that, Kate. Are you going to faint? There—don't give way. Oh, my little love, if this last for ever!"

I had her in my arms, and as I heard her suppressed sob my lips met hers in yearning tenderness. That kiss did all the rest. I forgot my pride; I only knew that in the first love of our youth our hearts were beating side by side.

"Are you sure you care for me, darling Kate?"

"I thought you guessed it always."

"No, indeed, you fiery little volcano! What work I should have to tame you if—— You know, sweetest, if I take you in hand I must be the master thoroughly, and drive you in abject obedience. You're getting frightened—eh, Kate?"

"Am I?" She looked up so brightly and her eyes were so radiant that the interesting ceremony above mentioned was repeated immediately.

"Jack," said Kate in a hurried whisper, for we were nearing Clapham, "you need not mind about the money. I shall have no money really till I am twenty-one, and perhaps I shall never have any. If—if you have it then, you'll give me my dresses and some pocket-money, won't you!"

Long ere we reached Holmton we had mutually decided that we could not possibly live without one another. By this time my real feelings had completely overmastered me, and whilst I could scarcely comprehend my happiness, I no longer endeavored to thrust it beyond me. I drew from the sweet shy lips how on the evening of our quarrel Major Saffron had just made his proposal and met with a refusal, whereupon the gallant gentleman taxed Kate with a sweet *penchant* for myself, and assured her all the world could see how I meant to improve my fortunes. I fancy Kate never wholly believed aught ungenerous of me, but she feared to betray her weakness in my presence, and assumed a harshness and coldness she was far from feeling.

That journey down to Holmton was an Eden dream to both of us; yet I doubt if its joy proved as evanescent as a dream. When I took Kate back to Harts, and she escaped to her own room, leaving me to explain everything to the dismayed spinster aunt, I confess I was nervous enough over the task.

I have only my pay and a hundred a year, Miss Marjoribanks, said I candidly. My uncle Ralph Vanguard has me down for a legacy in his will, I hear; but there's no denying I am far from the husband Kate's guardian would choose. I can only say I love her with all my heart; I have never loved another woman, and I can even wish she were penniless, so that I could prove to her my truth.

Miss Marjoribanks wiped her spectacles, put them on, scanned me for some moments, and shook her head gravely.

It is a good thing matters are no worse, said she, after a pause.

I overlooked the flattery, and caught at the implied approval.

You think then, dear Miss Marjoribanks, there may be hope for me after all?

Kate has settled it, hasn't she, Mr. Richmond? When you know her as well as I do, you will understand Kate's will is law at Harts. If we refused to give her to you now she has made her choice, she would leave her property behind and run to Jamaica. No, indeed, it will be a relief to us all to see the child steadily settled. After her trip to London I shall be terrified to see her out of my sight till she is married; and I have always liked you, Jack Richmond—Millicent's son has a claim on my regard. If you have lived within the bounds of your small income, you will know how to take care of Kate's.

Just then my darling herself came in all smiles and blushes, disarming by clinging embraces the first words of scolding that rose to her aunt's lips.

Old Lord Newstead, Kate's chief trustee, strongly opposed the match, but a long private interview with herself must have convinced him it was for her happiness, for, when I sold my commission, he it was who nominated me for one of his pocket boroughs, so that Kate might wed an M.P. at least. I have never distinguished myself much at St. Stephen's, though my constituents seem to have taken a fancy to me; for, now that times have changed, and they are free and independent voters, I still retain the magic letters after my name. I have done my part, however, creditably enough in the improvement of our county sporting, and, when I join the meet with my little Richmond on a knowing pony at my side, and we ride together over miles of wood and meadow land that one day will be his, I feel myself quite the substantial country squire. When we get back to Harts we find two aged ladies, very feeble, but quite contented, nodding and chattering over the gossip of bygone years, and a mother—to my eyes more beautiful than ever—caressing her twin four-year-old girls, and waiting to welcome me with eyes that tell me she has never for one hour regretted that fair morning when she ceased to be MISS MARJORIBANKS.

THOMAS H. RHOADS,

is prepared to do

PAPER-HANGING, PAINTING & GLAZING

at reasonable rates. Orders left at his residence on Lamb street, Bellefonte, Pa., will receive prompt attention.

☞Satisfaction guaranteed. 8-12-1y

Railroads.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after December 12, 1877:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia		11 55 p m
" " Harrisburg		4 25 a m
" " Williamsport		8 35 a m
" " Lock Haven		9 40 a m
" " Renovo		10 55 a m
" arr at Erie		7 35 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves Philadelphia		7 20 a m
" " Harrisburg		10 50 a m
" " Williamsport		2 20 p m
" " Lock Haven		3 25 p m
" arr at Renoo		4 40 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		4 35 p m
FAST LINE leaves Philadelphia		11 45 a m
" " Harrisburg		3 35 p m
" " Williamsport		7 30 p m
" arr at Lock Haven		8 40 p m

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EXP. leaves Lock Haven		6 40 a m
" " Williamsport		7 55 a m
" arr at Harrisburg		11 55 a m
" " Philadelphia		3 45 p m
DAY EXP. leaves Renovo		10 10 a m
" " Lock Haven		11 20 a m
" " Williamsport		12 40 p m
" arr at Harrisburg		4 10 p m
" " Philadelphia		7 20 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves Renovo		8 35 p m
" " Lock Haven		9 45 p m
" " Williamsport		11 05 p m
" arr at Harrisburg		2 45 a m
" " Philadelphia		7 00 a m
FAST LINE leaves Williamsport		12 35 a m
" arr at Harrisburg		3 58 a m
" " Philadelphia		7 35 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, Lock Haven Accommodation West, and Day Express East, make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Erie Express West, and Lock Haven Accommodation West, make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East, make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R., at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Exp. West, Erie Exp. West, Philadelphia Express East and Day Express East, and Sunday Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, *Gen'l Sup't.*

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—Time Table December 31, 1877.

WESTWARD.	Exp. A. M.	Mail P. M.
Leave Lock Haven	5 25	3 25
Flemington	5 29	3 30
Mill Hall	5 33	3 33
Beech Creek	5 46	3 47
Eagleville	5 50	3 51
Howard	6 00	4 02
Mount Eagle	6 08	4 10
Curtin	6 13	4 16
Milesburg	6 23	4 25
Bellefonte	6 33	4 35
Milesburg	6 43	4 45
Snow Shoe Int	6 48	4 48
Unionville	6 58	4 58
Julian	7 09	5 10
Martha	7 18	5 21
Port Matilda	7 25	5 31
Hannah	7 34	5 40
Bald Eagle	7 48	5 53
Vail	7 53	5 58
East Tyrone	7 58	6 03
Arrive at Tyrone	8 05	6 10
EASTWARD.	P. M.	A. M.
Leave Tyrone	7 08	8 30
East Tyrone	7 15	8 37
Vail	7 19	8 42
Bald Eagle	7 23	8 47
Hannah	7 36	9 02
Port Matilda	7 44	9 11
Martha	7 52	9 20
Julian	8 01	9 30
Unionville	8 11	9 42
Snow Shoe Int	8 21	9 51
Milesburg	8 24	9 55
Bellefonte	8 32	9 03
Milesburg	8 45	10 15
Curtin	8 55	10 25
Mount Eagle	9 00	10 30
Howard	9 08	10 39
Eagleville	9 18	10 52
Beech Creek	9 22	10 57
Mill Hall	9 34	11 10
Flemington	9 37	11 14
Arrive at Lock Haven	9 42	11 18

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE R. R.—Time Table in effect on and after Dec. 31, 1877.

Leaves Snow Shoe 7.30 a. m., arrives in Bellefonte 9.20 a. m.

Leaves Bellefonte 10.20 a. m., arrives at Snow Shoe 11.57 a. m.

Leaves Snow Shoe 2.42 p. m., arrives in Bellefonte 4.12 p. m.

Leaves Bellefonte 4.55 p. m., arrives Snow Shoe 6.27 p. m.

DANIEL RHOADS, *General Sup't.*

Buggies and Carriages.

REMOVAL.

Ew'd A. Bullock & Co.,

MILESBURG, PA.,

MANUFACTRERS OF

Buggies, Carriages

SPRING WAGONS, SLEIGHS,

—AND—

LUMBER WAGONS.

Having rebuilt our factory, lately burned in the great fire at Milesburg, we have removed from Bellefonte, and can now be found at our new place of business, near

CENTRAL CITY MILLS.

Thankful to our friends for past favors we solicit a continuance of their patronage at our new establishment.

REPAIRING NEATLY & CAREFULLY DONE, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our motto is, *As Cheap as the Cheapest, and as Good as the Best.*

7 25-1f.

GO TO

J. R. BARTROFF

FOR FINE

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c.,

REPAIRING promptly and neatly done, at reasonable rates.

9 22-1f *E. Bishop-st., Bellefonte, Pa.*

Glad Tidings for the *Weak, Nervous* and *Debilitated. Our Latest Improved Self-Acting Galvanic Appliances* are a *speedy* and *permanent* cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney, Liver and Female Complaints, Nervous Prostration Weak Lungs, Back and Spinal Irritation, and Kindred Diseases. Prices, Waist Belt, $5.00; Spinal Belt, for Paralysis and Spinal Ailments, $10.00 and upwards; Armlets, Anklets, Head Bands, Knee Caps, $2.00 each; Suspenders, $5.00 Illustrated pamphlet free. Address,

GALVANO-MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,
26 East Ninth Street, New York.

W. L. FOULK, Agent Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Western Press Association, is hereby appointed the sole and only authorized agent for the BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN, for Pittsburg, Allegheny and vicinity—this to hold good for six months or further extended.

Bellefonte, April 16, 1877

Drugs and Medicines.

Drugs, Drugs, Drugs.

S. T. SHUGERT having purchased the Drug Store, on Allegheny-st., Bellefonte, next door to the Hardware Store of Hicks & Bro., has stocked it with all the most populor

Drugs & Medicines,

Chemicals,

Perfumery,

Soaps, Combs,

Brushes,

Trusses,

Supporters,

Braces,

Fancy and Toilet Articles, Etc.

Patent Medicines, Alcohol, pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes only.

PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS

CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED and orders answered with care and dispatch. Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine and of the best quality.

The store will remain under the direction of the accomplished druggist and pharmacist, heretofore connected with it, Mr. H. M. Herrington, and we respectfully solicit the custom of our friends and the old patrons of the store.

9 16-1y S. T. SHUGERT.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence,

6-6m JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar Street, New York.

ESTABLISHED. 1853. ESTABLISHED 1853.

F. P. GREEN,

DRUGGIST,

Bush House Building, Bellefonte. Keeps constantly on hand, or orders on short notice, a full assortment of everything usually kept in a first class drug store. Particular attention given to preparing physician's prescriptions, and family recipes. 6 1 1y

Flour and Feed.

DUNCAN, HALE & CO.,

(Successors to John M. Wagner & Co.,)

MANUFACTURERS OF

FLOUR, FEED, &c.,

AND DEALERS IN

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

The highest market price paid for

WHEAT, RYE,

CORN,

OATS, &c.

6 39-1

Watchmaker.

WATCHMAKER'S

REMOVAL.

F. C. RICHARDS

takes this opportunity to inform his friends that he has removed to the new building lately erected by Blanchard & McCafferty, next door to the office of Alexander & Co., on High St. At his new store he has increased facilities for doing business, and guarantees entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. Clocks, watches and jewelry repaired on short notice. 7-8-1f

Miscellaneous.

PIANOS Retail price $900 only $250. *Parlor Organs*, price $375 only $165. Paper free. D. F. Beatty, Washington, N. J. 9 4t

IF YOU Want a Farm or Home, with independence and plenty in your old age,

THE BEST THING IN THE WEST.

IS THE

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE R. R.

LANDS IN KANSAS.

Circular with Map, giving full information, *free*. Address A. S. Johnson, Acting Land Commissioner, Topeka, Ks. 9 4t

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the prescription, will please address, E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburgh, N. Y. 6-6m

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the recipe for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3 cent stamp, Ben. Vandelf & Co., 20 Ann Street, N. Y. 6-6m

Celebrated Library

EXTENSION LAMP!

Adopted to any room, high or low ceiling. Lowered to table when in use, and raised by merely touching. *Perfectly safe from falling.* Lights without removing chimney. Quite as convenient as gas, and at ¼ the expense. The same extension principle is applied to all our chandeliers not exceeding 6 lights. The advantages are: increased light with same consumption of oil, by having the light where wanted; safety, can not be knocked over or upset. The extension machinery is simple, and cannot possibly give way. Cuts of Extension Lamp and chandeliers of all styles furnished free. We sell all lamps having merit. A. J. WEIDENER, Dealer in Lamps and Glassware, 26 S. Second Street, Philadelphia. 11-4t

$55 to $77 a Week to agents. $10 Outfit FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine. v8 35-1y

RAILROAD HOUSE,

Corner Front and Pine Street,

Philipsburg, Centre County, Pa

ROBERT LOYD, Proprietor.

The best of liquors and cigars constantly on hand. The table is well supplied with the best the market affords. 4 25 1y

Miscellaneous.

MOSES THOMPSON, JOHN I. THOMPSON
WM. THOMPSON, JR.

JOHN I. THOMPSON & CO.
DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

LEMONT, CENTRE CO., PA.

v6n1-1y

STOCKBRIDGE

MANURES

Originated by Prof. Stockbridge, Professor of Agriculture in the Massachusetts Agricultural College

These Manures are compounded for each crop, furnishing the plant food which each particular crop requires. They have produced from 50 to 80 bushels Corn, 25 to 40 bushels Wheat, 25 to 50 bushels Oats, 150 to 250 bushels Potatoes, 2 to 3 tons Hay per acre, and other crops in proportion. They have been used for five years with such success that in 1877 they were applied on over 10,000 acres with excellent results. Send for Pamphlet, Free.

BOWKER'S

HILL & DRILL PHOSPHATE,

Very fine, dry, and high grade. Also

Agricultural Chemicals.

W. H. BOWKER & CO.,

3 Park Place - - - New York.

43 Chatham Street - Boston. 9 12t

FITS, EPILEPSY, Falling Sickness,

Positively Cured, the worst case of the longest standing, by using Dr. Hebbard's Cure. "No Humbug." It has Cured Thousands. Will give $1,000 for a Case it will not Benefit. A sample bottle free to all addressing J. E. DIBBLEE, Chemist. Office, 1,323 Broadway, N. Y. 10 4t

LADIES Can color their own Stockings for less than one cent per pair ANY COLOR OR SHADE by the use of our *"MAGIC TINTS"*—Can renew or change the color of their Dresses, restore to freshness and brilliancy faded Silks, Merinoes, Alpacas, Neckties, Ribbons, &c., or impart to them new and lovely shades—Little trouble and nominal cost—Stick of any desired color sent on receipt of 10 cents. 3 different colors, 25c. Postage Stamps accepted. Send Stamp for Circulars and Samples.

KEARNEY CHE- ICAL WORKS,
10 2-3m 66 Cortland N. Y. P. O. Box, 3159

GOLD. Great chance to make money. If you can't get gold you can get greenbacks. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. The most elegant works of art given free to subscribers. One agent reports making over $150 in a week. A lady agent reports taking over 400 subscribers in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full particulars, directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address "The People's Journal," Portland, Maine. 37-1year

The Magic Coin Box

holds over $5.00 of silver coin, in Half Dollars, Quarter Dollars, Dimes and Nickles. The merest movement of your thumb pushes the desired coin into your hand, and another one immediately takes its place, as if by magic. Makes change in half the time, with no danger of dropping any. Sample, handsomely plated with Nickle Silver, sent postpaid for 50 cents. Agents trial package, containing three Coin Boxes, for $1.00 Illustrated Catalogue of Novelty Chromos, Jewelry, Stationery Packages, &c., &c., free. Agents wanted everywhere. Big pay. National Novelty Co., No. 400 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 10 4t

USE THE PERFECT BUTTER COLOR. Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Perfected Butter Color is recommended by the agricultural press, and used by thousands of the very best Dairymen. It gives a perfect June color, and is harmless as salt. A 25 cent bottle colors 300 pounds, and adds 5 cents per pound to its value. Ask your Druggist or Merchant for it, or send for descriptive circulars. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vermont. 11-4w

DIPHTHERIA!!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Dont delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Maine. 11-4w

KNOW THYSELF By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 50 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and Beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass. 9 42 1y

HEAL THYSELF

SWEET Chewing JACKSON'S BEST **NAVY Tobacco!**

Awarded *highest prize* at Centennial Exposition for *fine chewing qualities* and *excellence and lasting character of sweetening and flavoring*. The best tobacco ever made. As our blue strip trade-mark is closely imitated on inferior goods, see that *Jackson's Best* is on every plug. Sold by all dealers. Send for sample, free. P. C. A. Jackson & Co., Mfrs., Petersburg, Va. G. F. WARDLE, General Agent, Philadelphia 9 4t

AGENTS WANTED Everywhere, Instantly! for

Conquest of Turkey!!

By the *gifted* authors, Dr. L. P. BROCKET, and Hon. P. C. BLISS. The *complete* and *thrilling* history of the *fall* of an *Empire*, after 300 *years* of *bitter* strife. *Graphic* descriptions of *terrible battles*, exciting *all Europe*. *Positively* the *ablest* and *cheapest* work only $250, but *splendidly illustrated*. *Grandest* chance to *coin money* now offered. For full particulars, address, HUBBARD BROS., Pubs., 733 Sansom St. Phila., Pa. 9 4t

9 27-wrow.

PAINTERS.

DOAK & LONBERGER,

Painters, Paper Hangers and Kalsominers, will attend promptly to all orders in their line of business, addressed to them by mail or left at the REPUBLICAN office. 9 28-1y

The Bellefonte Republican

By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

The BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN is published every Wednesday at Bellefonte, Centre county, Pennsylvania, by

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, in advance.....$2 00
If not paid for within 6 months..... 2 50
If not paid for until expiration of year..... 3 00

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Editorial notices in our columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Marriage or death announcements published free of charge. Obituary notices, ten lines in length, free; exceeding ten lines, five cents per line.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding five lines, this type, $8.00 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months, twenty cents per line for the first three insertions, and five cents per line for each additional insertion.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year
1 inch (12 lin' this tp'e)	$ 5 00	$ 8 00	$ 12 00
Two inches	7 00	10 00	15 00
Three inches	10 00	15 00	20 00
Four inches	11 00	17 00	25 00
Quarter column	12 00	20 00	30 00
Half column	20 00	35 00	55 00
One column	35 00	55 00	125 00

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

JOB DEPARTMENT.

We have now the very best facilities for doing first-class Job Work, and solicit the patronage of all friends of the paper, together with all others who desire to obtain good work at fair prices.

We have the best workmen, the best presses, and the best type to be found anywhere.

Address all communications, relating to business, to

EDWARD T. TUTEN, Proprietor,
Bellefonte, Pa.

The Watchman's Republican Editor.

Week before last the *Watchman* had an editorial, written by one of its Republican editors, who is very anxious that the Republican party of this district should play into the hands of their opponents this fall, and leave the judicial candidate off the Republican ticket. After attempting to prove that A. O. Furst, Esq., had so bound himself that he could not honorably accept a nomination from his party, however much they desire him to do so, they assert that we told a prominent Republican of this town that we were paid for inserting the article announcing Mr. Furst's name as a candidate for Judge. We never told any prominent Republican any such thing. We never have seen Mr. Furst in regard to any article that has appeared in this paper in relation to him. What we have done in this matter we have done at the solicitation of friends of Mr. Furst, and have urged his name because we believe he would make a good Judge, and we desire to see a full Republican ticket placed in the field this fall. We had not seen Mr. Furst to speak to him at all upon this subject until the article appeared in the *Watchman* alleging that we had obtained pay for this service, and then he stated positively that he did not desire to be a candidate; that his present practice was worth more to him than the office of Judge would be, even if he was elected.

As to the writer for the *Watchman*, he may regard himself a prominent Republican; no doubt he does, but before the fall campaign is over he will find, if he does not choose better company, that he is not so prominent as he might be. He will learn what is evident to everyone else, that his prominence begins and ends right here in Bellefonte; that the honest Republican masses all over the county—the men who, when they will, can control conventions—are not so easily pulled this way or that way by a little manœuvering of the wires or political trickery. We very much mistake the men of the party in this county if they do not upset the nicely-laid plans of this little wire-pulling clique, of whom the Republican editor of the *Watchman* is a *prominent* member. If we were to hold his name up to the Republicans of the county, how long would they consider a man prominent who plots, months before the will of the people can be expressed, to remove every available candidate out of the way, so as to leave an open field for a Democratic candidate, to increase his popularity so that he may himself reap some individual benefit at some future time when said Democrat may be in a position to help his Republican friend who had so manipulated our party as to leave the track clear and no opposition in the race for official position?

Does this *prominent* Republican (?) think he is pursuing the path of honor in thus attempting to subvert the will of the party for his own personal, selfish purposes?

THE public debt statement for February shows a reduction of $2,250,231.

Death of Congressman Leonard.

Hon. John E. Leonard, formerly of Chester county, within three miles of Kennett Square, this State, but lately a member of the National House of Representatives from the State of Louisiana, died at Havana, Cuba, on the 15th inst. Some time ago he met a beautiful and accomplished Cuban lady at New Orleans, and became very much attached to her. But her parents—on account, as is alleged, of the youth of their child—gave no encouragement to the suite, but finally agreed to allow him to have uninterrupted correspondence with his lady love through the mails. She returned home with them after this arrangement had been agreed to; but Mr. Leonard failed to receive any communication from her, notwithstanding. He wrote several letters to her, until finally he received a short note on a crumpled piece of paper, stating that she had not heard from him since her return to Cuba, and could not hear from him. The note had the appearance of having been written hurriedly, and carried secretly by the hands of a negro a long distance to be mailed.

He wrote other letters, and waited anxiously for a reply, but received none, and finally decided to visit Cuba to try and obtain an interview with the object of his tender regard. He called upon President Hayes, who assisted him somewhat in his delicate adventure; also he received the assistance of the Spanish Minister. Through their efforts he learned that the lady had been removed to the interior of the island. He then sailed for Havana. No detail of the success or failure of his mission had reached his friends here until March 7th, when a letter was received, saying that he had seen the lady, but from the general despondency which pervaded the missive, it was concluded that he had not succeeded in removing the objections of the parents to his addresses to their daughter. Afterwards a telegram was received stating that he had arrived at Havana March 4th, engaged passage for New York on the 9th, but was taken ill on the same day. His illness resulted in yellow fever, which terminated fatally.

Great feeling was manifested at Washington on reception of the news of his death. He was a highly accomplished man, and was in the thirty-second year of his earth life. He was one of the most active Republicans of the South, and his loss will be sensibly felt by our party in that section. The party in that part of the country can ill afford to lose such leaders as Judge Leonard.

Delaware Justice (?)

Some months ago the neighborhood of Middletown, New Castle county, Delaware, was startled by a story that two negroes had outraged the person of a white woman, who was traveling the country seeking alms in company with her husband. The men—Chambers and Collins—were arrested, tried at New Castle, convicted and sentenced to be hanged on the 23d inst. The witnesses received their fees; but when they learned—or the woman, at least,—that the penalty in Delaware is death, and the negroes would be hanged, she repented, and acknowledged that she had sworn falsely; that the man who traveled with her was not her husband, and the negroes were not guilty of the crime as charged. On further investigation by the friends of humanity, it was found that she was well known in police circles in the city of Philadelphia—that she was a lewd character or common strumpet, who now admits that she *swore falsely to make the fees.*

When these facts came to the knowledge of the judge and jury before whom the men were tried, they appealed to the Governor of the State to respite the condemned men; to give more time to investigate the facts. Numerous appeals were also made by the good people of that State, but the Governor heeded them not. Even if the fact had been established, it is a question whether a dissolute woman, such as the one in question is said or proven to be, is capable of being outraged in the eyes of the law. Be that as it may, if she was to be believed in the first instance, her late admissions places the whole affair in doubt, and justice and humanity demanded of Governor Cochran, who presides over the State of whipping-posts and pillories, that a respite should have been granted for further investigation, if nothing else.

This inhuman Governor is a Bourbon Democrat of the Provery Slavery school; a man who was raised to regard "niggers" as chattels—now that they are free, as having no rights which white men are bound to respect. This Governor is an officer whom the *Watchman* regards as a model Democrat; nevertheless its editor has the assurance to buttonhole every colored voter in this community, during election days, and urge them to vote for men who endorse and applaud the acts of this same Governor. The Philadelphia *Times* said the day previous to the execution, that if the sentence should be carried out that it would be a "judicial murder," and further said on the day of the execution that "it is evident that a negro has no rights in Delaware which a white Governor is bound to respect."

This is a subject to which we invite the special attention of our colored fellow citizens. During election times these Bourbon Democrats are as bland and *Meek* as occasions require; but when occasions of this kind offer, they throw off the disguise and regard hanging as the best means to get rid of colored Republican voters.

Mollies Hung at Bloomsburg.

"Patrick Tully, Peter McHugh and Pat Hester, Molly Maguires, were hung at Bloomsburg to-day. They dropped at 11:7 A.M. Everything passed off quietly—no disturbance."

This dispatch was received by us Monday noon. From the daily papers we read the story of how these doomed men passed their last days on earth. As we read the sad story of the grief of friends, the heart-broken sobs and despair of wife and children, our hearts are touched. But when we consider the terrible crime for which these men suffer, we are forced to crowd out of sight our feelings of pity and say in harsher language, Served them right. The men and their friends had given up all hopes of reprieve, and no possible chance existed for clemency except in the case of Hester, who, it was thought, under some circumstances that might arise a respite might be granted. But even this was not done, and three souls were launched into the presence of their maker on Monday last. The crime for which these men have paid the penalty was the murder of Alexander Rea, a mining superintendent, about half-past nine o'clock on the morning of October 17, 1868. The object was robbery, but Rea gave up his money peacefully, and on the plea that dead men tell no tales, they commenced to fire at him. He run, but Tully quickly caught him, and placing a revolver at his head, shot him. The men then fled to the mountains, and were not brought to justice until McFarlain worked the case up.

A Cold-Blooded Murder.

Last January a man by the name of John Armstrong was murdered in Philadelphia. For a long time it was not known who had done the deed. Suspicion rested upon Ford W. Davis, but no clue could be found to fasten it with any certainty upon him. He was released on bail. Then Frank W. Day was taken, but he was found not to be the man. Finally on Monday night, the 28th of January, Benjamin Hunter, an apparently respectable, quiet citizen, was taken in charge, and since his arrest evidence has accumulated which fastens the crime upon him almost beyond a doubt.

For some time the authorities were at a loss to discover a motive for so horrible an act, but have finally decided that the fact that Hunter held a life insurance policy on the life of Armstrong was the only incentive to the crime. His accomplice in the act, a man by the name of Thomas Graham, is also arrested and has made a full confession, fully implicating Hunter. It seems that Hunter hired Graham to do the job, promising him five hundred dollars. Graham struck the first blow, but his heart failed him and he fled. Hunter then finished the job. Evidence is being hunted up which fully confirms Graham's story in all its details. It is one of the most heartless murders on record.

POPE LEO XIII. has abolished his palatine guard of two hundred men as useless, and now proposes to do away with the Pontificial navy, which comprises sixty officers and men under Admiral Cialdi. From this it would seem that the new Pope has concluded to accept the situation and give up all empty show of temporal power. Ever since the unification of Italy the Pope has possessed only the shadow of temporal sovereignty. There is, to all present appearance, no possible chance that he will ever again attain to the position of a temporal prince. It is the part of wisdom, therefore, to give up all useless display and use the money for some more worthy object. "The world moves."

Immigration to Kansas.

The following article from the Atchison *Daily Champion* of March 6, 1878, published at Atchison, Kansas, is of more than ordinary interest to many people of Pennsylvania at this time. The paper containing it was sent by an old citizen of Centre county, now a resident of Kansas, to our fellow townsman, Wm. Shortlidge, Esq., in compliance with whose request we publish it for the benefit of those who are or who may become afflicted with the Kansas immigration fever. A careful reading will benefit all those who propose going to that fertile State:

The Philadelphia *Press* of the 2d inst. publishes the following article on the immigration to Kansas:

"Dispatches from Kansas indicate that this year will see a great migration from the East, perhaps the greatest yet known. On Thursday, according to the telegrams, over twelve hundred persons arrived at Atchison, and the same day twenty-seven car loads came into Topeka on one road alone. The delighted Kansans declare that this is without parallel in the history of the West. Emigration Westward has always followed a panic in the East, and is in itself a healthy sign. It indicates that those who have lost in the East have given up trying to live here any longer on appearances, and are buckling down to hard work in another locality. Further, such a great movement is a relief, as it transfers from us our surplus population and puts it down in Territories which need development, and where the work of the immigrant adds rapidly to the wealth of the whole nation."

The conclusions of the *Press* are correct, except that the immigrants to this State are not all men who have been unfortunate in the Eastern States. All of them, of course, come here to better their condition, but with some exceptions, they bring enough with them to make a fair start. And on this point we want to say—because it ought to be said—that it is very foolish for Eastern people, destitute of means, to emigrate West. The industries of Kansas are not nearly as numerous as those in the Eastern States, and the demand for labor is not as great here as there. Kansas can find room for all who come as farmers, as merchants, and as manufacturers, to engage in these pursuits and with money enough to give them a fair start. The State is growing with wonderful rapidity. Its commerce, its manufacturing industries, its agricultural resources, are developing steadily and prosperously. Millions of acres, as fair and fertile as the sun, as it passes from Continent to Continent, shines upon, yet unoccupied and untilled. Towns are to be built up, as the market centres for our productive fields. Mills are needed, and we have abundant and superior water powers to turn their wheels. There is a great wealth of crude materials, gypsum, potter's clay, fire clay, mineral paints, salt, lead, etc., to be converted to commercial uses. Factories for the manufacture of furniture, agricultural implements and vehicles, linseed oils, woolen goods, starch, etc., are badly needed, and for all of these the State affords not only an inexhaustible supply of raw materials but a large and constantly increasing market for the manufactured products. Capital, in any of these departments of trade, will find abundant opportunities for profitable investment.

But we sometimes think, witnessing the remarkable tide of immigration pouring into the State, that probably thousands of people come here without means, and are destined to be seriously disappointed. It may be unpopular to say this, but we think the people of Kansas know that *The Champion* has unlimited faith in the State, and is enthusiastically devoted to its interests and its development. Hence we feel that we can say, as we do, that this is not a State to which men without means ought to immigrate in any large numbers.

Kansas needs capital more than population. It takes money to break and cultivate a homestead. Immigrants should never forget that months must elapse before a crop matures, and that the first crop on a raw prairie is uncertain. Every State, too, has occasional seasons of disaster to its crops, and no one can tell when these years will come. Immigrants to Kansas who expect to engage in farming ought, therefore, to bring with them enough means to enable them to live for at least twelve months. If they can't do this, they had better, as a rule, remain where they are.

Any other business in Kansas requires nearly as much capital as in any other State. A merchant can't buy a stock of goods here unless he has either money to pay for it or established credit; a manufacturer can't engage in a productive industry unless he has capital to start his enterprise. Kansas is like all other States, so far as these departments of business is concerned. The only difference is that Kansas is a new, rapidly growing community, in which a merchant or manufacturer can "grow up with the country" rapidly and prosperously, and find the best opportunities for the use of his capital and the exercise of his energies, industries and abilities. In addition, it doesn't require as much capital to get a fair start here as in the Eastern States, where competition is sharper, where trade has got into grooves, and where a new business has to meet the sharp competition of old established, wealthy and more experienced firms.

Another grave mistake is being made by the majority of the immigrants now pouring into the State, and that is in their tendency to push far out onto the frontiers, even into the unorganized counties, where neither the soil, climate, rain-fall, nor any of the conditions of agricultural production have been tested. In any of the counties that have been settled for from five to twenty-five years, immigrants can find good lands in abundance, and for sale at very moderate prices—lands that have been tested by cultivation, and their fertility demonstrated; lands in the midst of intelligent communities of people, who have schools, churches, newspapers, and all the elements of a prosperous civilization. It is absurd to pass through these rich counties and out onto the frontier, into a wilderness of buffalo grass and prairie-dogs, and where none of the influences of a civilized society exist; where experience has not tested the character of the soil, and where everything is wild, rude and undeveloped. For several hundred miles westward from the Missouri, in every county, there are thousands of acres of rich, beautiful land, capable of producing all the grains and fruits of the temperate zone in abundance, and these lands can be purchased at from $2 to $10 an acre, according to their nearness or remoteness from markets or transportation facilities, and their quality. The people who pass by such lands as these, and plunge into the wilderness beyond, must be very ignorant or very thoughtless, and it will not be very long before they realize the serious mistake they have made.

But why, it may be asked, are lands for sale at such low rates in the settled counties. The answer to this question is simple. Thousands of people came to Kansas very poor, and have been improvident, bad managers, or unfortunate. All this class want to sell, and go farther west. Thousands who came to Kansas with abundant means were afflicted with that very prevalent western disease known as "land fever," and bought from half a dozen to two dozen farms apiece, in the "flush times," on speculation. They have been holding these lands, which they have never improved, and which are consequently unproductive, for years. Thus loaded down with unproductive property, they want to sell. Thousands of residents of our towns and cities were afflicted with the same fever, and have been for years the owners of such uncultivated farms. They are tired of paying taxes on land which produces nothing, and they want to sell. Then we have a large class who might be denominated "professional frontiersmen," or pioneers. They have kept in the van of settlement from Illinois to Missouri or Iowa, and from those States to Kansas. Settlement is crowding them. They want room to hunt. The increasing population is not pleasant to them. They want to "go West." And they want to sell. Still another class have small but well improved farms, and have been very successful in their pursuits. They have stock and implements in abundance, and want larger farms. Hence they desire to sell their improved places, and remove farther west, where they can have unlimited ranges. Half a dozen other classes might be mentioned who have lands to sell, including a large body of Eastern capitalists who are tired of paying taxes on uncultivated and unproductive property. And hence it is that in all our settled counties, including even Atchison, Domphan, Jackson, Nemaha, Brown, Jefferson and others right on the Missouri river border, having populations ranging from 8,000 to 20,000, numerous railroads, fine markets, churches and school houses, any quantity of as beautiful and fertile land as there is in the West can be purchased at from $5 to $10 an acre. Thousands of well improved farms can be purchased at from $7 to $15 an acre—farms of eighty, one hundred and sixty, or three hundred and twenty acres each.

The Eastern journals, like the *Press*, would be doing a real service to immigrants to Kansas if they would call attention to these facts. Thousands of worthy people are making a serious mistake in locating on the extreme frontier, when better land can be purchased at just as low rates in the midst of prosperous settlements, all the desirable surroundings of an advanced civilization, abundant markets, and excellent transportation facilities.

THE Commissioner of Internal Revenue has issued a circular directing that on and after the first day of May next, all manufacturers of tobacco, snuff and cigars will be required upon concluding business to render closing inventories as provided by the revised statutes to pack and stamp all manufactured goods on hand at that time, and close up their accounts as manufacturers with their general collectors. By renewing from year to year their special tax stamp, and keeping them posted conspicuously in their places of business, by rendering monthly reports of stamp purchases, sales and removals of goods, by keeping their business and themselves qualified as manufacturers, though not actually engaged in manufacturing, they can enjoy all the privileges the law accords to manufacturers, and keep their stock of goods unstamped at their factories until they are sold or removed.

DURING February the San Francisco Mint coined 1,484,000 trade dollars and $5,560,000 in double eagles.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

LETTER FROM CLEARFIELD.

The County, its Wealth, Prosperity and Characteristics—The Town, Old and New—Distinguished Citizens—The Bar—The Court, and its Recent Doings—A Good Place to Stop.

CLEARFIELD, March 23, 1878.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—The county of Clearfield has always had very close relations with Centre—since they have been two separate counties—although in many respects and in most localities they are far from being homogeneous. Clearfield is less of an agricultural district, while it excels in its wealth of lumber and coal. It is somewhat younger and is less thickly populated than its sister county.

Considering its territorial extent and natural wealth, Clearfield is one of the richest counties in the State. Its immense resources are being rapidly developed, and its future possibilities of prosperity are incalculable. Lumber was for a long time its principal source of wealth, but the opening of the immense fields of bituminous coal in this region is a new and exhaustless mine of inestimable riches. There are other valuable minerals in the county, such as iron ore and fire clay, which are being developed and which are already the source of considerable revenue. The Tyrone and Clearfield railroad, which has been extended to Curwinsville, about six miles farther up the river, taps the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad at Tyrone, and furnishes an outlet to the coal, lumber and other products of the county. There is a branch road from Osceola to the coal mines at Houtzdale and vicinity, by means of which immense quantities of bituminous coal are carried to market. There are also exhaustless deposits of coal and vast tracts of pine timber in the western part of the county which now have an outlet by the low grade railroad, with its connections both east and west. A flourishing town named DuBois City has sprung into existence in this portion of the county, which promises soon to be one of the largest and most prosperous in this section, the rapidity of its growth being something nearly miraculous.

Clearfield borough, the county town, is interesting in many particulars. Although comparatively an old place, its recent growth has not been so rapid as that of some newer villages which have greater advantages in respect of mineral or forest wealth. The fact that the natural wealth of the county is so generally diffused, and that no one place has especial advantages in the way of concentrating trade or transportation, will prevent any one town from becoming surpassingly large or prosperous; there will, evidently, be no great metropolitan city to which all other towns are subordinate. Nevertheless, Clearfield, from its central position and prestige, will doubtless continue to retain the public buildings and to be the town of chief importance.

This place was formerly named Oldtown, the present name—Clearfield—having been given, it is said, from the fact that the Indians had an extensive *cleared field*, or corn plantation, where the town now stands. The famous Mingo chief, Logan, was for a time resident here, and it is claimed that his wigwam and village were not far from the present railroad depot.

Clearfield has produced many distinguished men, and her citizens generally are high-toned and enterprising. Ex-Governor Bigler still resides here, leading an apparently placid and pleasant life, respected and prosperous. Senator Wallace, who is so well known to your readers that it is only necessary to mention his name, also has his home here, and divides his time, in his thorough and energetic way, between his duties at the national capital and his law practice here. In the latter business he is ably assisted by his son-in-law, D. S. Krebs Esq., an unusually industrious lawyer, who is rising rapidly in his profession. Senator Wallace's two sons have lately been admitted to the bar and are members of the law firm of which their distinquished father is the head. Among legal practitioners there are also ex-Judge Barrett, with whom is associated his son, Col. Walter Barrett; ex-Judge McEnally, and his partner, McCurdy, and a number of younger members of the bar who are rising stars in the profession. Of these, I recall now the names of district attorney Wm. M. McCullough; T. H. Murray and his partner, Cyrus Gordon; Frank Fielding, and others worthy of mention if it were not for taking up too much of your space. Indeed, the bar of Clearfield, although it has so great a comparative proportion of older and well known lawyers in its ranks, is also especially remarkable for the number of comparatively young and vigorous limbs of the law, who are destined to achieve eminence in the profession. Of half a dozen counties in the central portion of the State, where I have attended courts, I

am inclined to award the palm to the bar of Clearfield, all things considered, for comparative and aggregate superiority. There are individual members of the bar in other counties who may be equal to any here as lawyers, but I speak of the bar as a whole. As a rule there is little to object to in the manners and habits of counsellors, as respects their demeanor towards each other or towards the Court. There seems to be a proper appreciation of professional dignity and responsibility, and, with few exceptions, the members of the bar are high-toned and gentlemanly.

This week the court has been presided over by his Honor, Judge Mayer. None but Commonwealth cases were tried, and there were not so many of them as usual. The principal case tried this week was that of the Com. vs. Simon McFarland, indicted for rape. The defendant is a man of probably fifty years of age, who has been engaged in keeping a little store in the small village of Utahville—a suggestive appellation. The victim is a Mrs. Clark, a young married lady, twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, her husband's sister being the wife of McFarland who is charged with the crime. The case was a sad one, and the crime of unusual atrocity, if the evidence of Mrs. Clark is to be believed. Her demeanor is that of a very modest and quite timid young woman, of more than average personal attractions. McFarland was tried for this offense some time ago, and convicted; but a motion being made for a new trial, it was granted it is said by the associate judges, Judge Orvis, who presided at the trial, not concurring. At this term McFarland was acquitted on the first count of the indictment, which charged rape, and was convicted on the second count, for assault with intent to commit the greater offense. The verdict was an absurd one, and was evidently the result of a compromise among the jurors. A motion has been made for a new trial, which will be argued at a term of court specially fixed for heargin arguments, to commence April 26. On the part of the Commonwealth the case was conducted by Messrs. Wallace & Krebs and district attorney McCullough, while the defense was managed by Messrs Murray and Test, the latter being emphatically the wag of the Clearfield bar.

The recent flood in the river has enabled lumbermen to get most of their stock to market, and has been a God-send to the county. The quantity sent down the river was not so large as it is sometimes, but prices were good and the amount of money brought back is considerable. I must say something of the place I make my home when at Clearfield, the Leonard House. It is a fine hotel building, the property of that substantial and excellent old citizen, Judge Leonard, whose name it bears. It is situated close to the railroad passenger depot, and is kept by Mr. S. B. Row, who is a brother-in-law of Judge Leonard. Mr. Row was for a long time a member of the editorial profession, and for several years conducted the *Raftsman's Journal*, of this place, which is now in the hands of his brother. Mr. S. B. Row has peculiar qualifications as an editor, and is a writer of unusual power and versatility. I think it is a pity that he has left the profession of journalism, which can ill spare such a man. He was for some time a special agent of the post-office department of the U. S., in which position he did excellent detective service. Yet he makes a good landlord, and what I especially like about the house is that everyone who makes a practice of stopping here is made to feel that, whether sick or well, he is at home.

QUID.

Hints to Emigrants.

COLLEGE TWP., March 8, 1878.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—I do think warning and caution in this great move westward is in place at this time. A word of warning perhaps is again necessary to the young and middle-aged men who have become full of Western notions about getting homes, together with many strange, wild and imaginary ideas in their minds about bettering their condition in life. I have seen the result so often the reverse. Many have been induced to make the venture on the opinion and advice of others who know very little about the wants and trials of the laboring man in the West. It is to such and the small farmer with little capital that these lines are directed and intended to warn. It is never safe to follow the advice of those who will recommend what they do not practice. And then it often happens that what suits one will not agree with the taste of another, and you may sometimes be disappointed when following the advice even of a friend who knows something about Western life.

But, my young friends, there are other and worse sources of danger. I would warn those who have determined to go West to beware from whom they get their information. In many of the towns and villages you will find sharpers and land sharks ready not only to give you information, but also to gobble up all the dollars you give them to understand you have in your pocket. You get the land to start a small farm on and next a house to live in. So much for the farmer. And next comes the laboring man who has to depend for his bread on that small farmer who, as is often the case, is not in a situation to hire help. The extra help may be needed, but the farmer has gone into debt to improve his farm and is so far away from market that he cannot get money to pay his farm labor. He has no other source from which to derive money, as he is not able to effect a sale. So you find you are caught by the sharp farmer, who got his lesson from the sharp land speculator, and now it will be your turn to sharpen up your wits to get sufficient money to land you safely again in the valleys or on the mountains of Pennsylvania.

I very recently heard a young man, who had returned from the far West, say (he having had some hard experience among sharpers) that there was no place like Pennsylvania. I believe him, and many will wish they had acted on the words of warning and counsel from friends; as he no doubt now often thinks about his own mistakes and failures, and is now a fit counsellor for others. Such will be the case with many of that class now going West. Some, next winter, will be traveling over those broad prairies in search of work, as many places they will find have overgrown the demand for labor. So will the overproduction of the farm glut the market, except just for the time emigration is building up the town and improving the surrounding country. Though for the time the in-rushing tide continues to make the markets be good, the coming year will bring disappointment to many.

PATRON.

NEW YORK.

Salting Down Sound—The Phonograph—Description of the Newest Wonder—Its Future Use—The Currency Question—How Silver is Received—Tweed's Life Insurance—About Insurance Commissioners.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, March 23, 1878.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Scientific discoveries of an incredible nature have trodden upon each other's heels for so long now that no sensible man dares to be incredulous regarding the wildest claims of inventors until he has investigated them. The latest astonisher that has been thrown at us is that worthy successor of the telephone, the phonograph. The startling performance of this instrument, although it is as yet very crude and imperfect, is enough to awaken in the most matter-of-fact mind at least a momentary sympathy with the most extravagant prophecies regarding the future of scientific research and inventive achievement.

Like its forerunner, the telephone, the phonograph (or "*sound writer*") has to do with the human voice, but unlike the former, is not dependent upon electricity for its operation. On Thursday evening I attended a club reception, the principal feature of which was the exhibition and explanation by a prominent scientist and electrician of this wonderful contrivance. When I speak of the phonograph as wonderful, I refer to the idea it embodies; the machine itself being simple enough, consisting of an iron wheel, say five inches in diameter, with a two inch face, upon which is cut a continuous shallow groove like the thread of a fine screw, attached to the frame of the machine in such a manner that it can be swung against or away from the wheel at pleasure, is a small thin disc or membrane of iron framed in a mouthpiece, and having affixed to its outer surface a sort of pencil point of iron—when it is wished to use the instrument, a strip of tinfoil is bound smoothly around the grooved surface of the iron wheel, and the mouthpiece and disc are brought down till the little iron pencil point above mentioned touches this tinfoil. All is now in readiness, and the person whose voice is to be reproduced places his mouth to the mouthpiece and talks, sings, whistles or crows, according to his fancy, meanwhile revolving the iron wheel by means of a crank provided for the purpose.

The result is as follows: The waves of air, in motion by the voice, strike upon the thin iron disc before described, and set it in vibration, which vibration is transmitted to the pencil point, which meanwhile is following and pressing the tinfoil into the spiral groove upon the face of the wheel. When the whole length of the groove has been traversed, the tinfoil therein displays a series of dots and ridges varying in depth and fineness according to the modulation of the voice producing them. By means of a thread on a crank, the iron wheel is now turned back to the starting place; and the disc and pencil point being replaced in the groove, is revolved at the same speed as on its previous journey. Then the listener, usually to his amazement, if not alarm, hears issuing from the mouthpiece the identical words of musical tones which a few moments before he had poured into the same receptacle. The reason for this is evident. The pencil point, traveling rapidly over the dots, ridges in the tinfoil which it had on its previous trip itself made, is caused to vibrate, and these vibrations transmitted back to the disc, are rendered audible.

As I have previously intimated, the phonograph is still crude and faulty in its working; but it is already successful enough to furnish a strong hint of the possibilities of the principle involved. When the contrivance is entirely perfected, who can tell what blessings may be conferred by this process of "salting down," so to speak, the invisible tremors of the atmosphere? In the words of a Philadelphia journalist, a housekeeper, for instance, who is going out to spend the day, may speak in the machine full directions for the conduct of affairs in her absence, and the servants can grind out instructions from time to time as they are wanted. If a mother, she may murmur a cradle song in the mouthpiece and have the nurse give the crank a few turns every time the baby stirs in its cradle. A naval officer, who is going upon a long cruise, can spend two or three days at the machine, and leave behind him enough conversation to entertain the family until his return. A distant lover, having recorded his vows upon the plate of the instrument, can mail it to his darling, who may listen to the very tones of his voice. A husband, about to die, might put away enough of affectionate talk to console his widow in her loneliness until she married again. It is a great invention.

The history of the general events for the week here is quite barren of interest. The money question perhaps attracks more notice than any other. The unexpected course of gold, which persists in hovering about par, has caused much surprise, and has induced several firms, among them Stewart's retail department, to give out gold for change in large quantities.

The Metropolitan Hotel, of this city, which is one of the most valuable items in the Stewart estate, has become one of the finest houses in America under its present management, at the head of which is Mr. Henry Clair, long and favorably known as manager of the Grand Union Hotel, of Saratoga. The Metropolitan has recently undergone a complete renovation.

While the different factions among the bond holders of the Erie Railroad are making it their bone of contention in the courts, the management keep on the even tenor of their way, maintaining and improving the facilities which the road has always offered to the traveling public. In pursuance of this policy they have within the past ten days, added to their time table new through train to the West, which now promises the most desirable means of transit between New York and St. Louis.

This train has made the quickest time between these cities ever accomplished, and is largely patronized.

Tweed's family are now engaged in a legal dispute with a local life insurance company over the payment of an endowment policy on his life, which the company claims to have been rendered void by his running away to Spain against the provisions of the policy. The point is a novel one, and its decision will form an important precedent. Another interesting case in progress is the Legislative investigation of our State Insurance Commissioner Smyth, which is turning up an immense amount of information, and at present looks rather badly for the official named.

It seems particularly unfortunate after all the troubles, merited and unmerited, which have pressed so heavily upon life insurance, that political manœuvering should be allowed to come in and complicate these difficulties. Here a few months ago some carpet-bag politician who wished to obtain the office of insurance commissioner of Connecticut, sought to obtain the position by throwing suspicion upon the vigilance of the present efficient and pains-taking incumbent. To this end there was carried through late in the last session of the Connecticut Legislature a bill creating a special commission to examine the Connecticut Companies and make report thereon. The Commission published some well known facts damaging to the Charter Oak, which the Commissioner of the State had previously stated to the several preceeding Legislatures and closed by a erroneous report on the Continental Life of Hartford.

Now the Continental is as sound as a dollar—and a gold one at that; so they at once demanded and obtained a thorough examination by the joint standing committee of the Legislature, men of the highest character, who after going through its whole condition report, in effect, the previous charges and finding to be utterly unfounded and the company itself to be in splendid condition, with a surplus of over $350,000. There are enough shaky companies in this country, in all conscience; and there should be servere punishment for those who try to add to the number through violations of the ninth commandment.

It is a satisfaction to add that the "carpet-bag" aspirant failed to get his position after all.

RADIX.

READING NOTICES.

AN ASTONISHING FACT.—A large proportion of the American people are to-day dying from the effects of Dyspepsia or disordered liver. The result of these diseases upon the masses of intelligent and valuable people is most alarming, making life actually a burden instead of a pleasant existence of enjoyment and usefulness as it ought to be. There is no good reason for this, if you will only throw aside prejudice and skepticism, take the advice of Druggists and your friends, and try one bottle of Green's August Flower. Your speedy relief is certain. Millions of bottles of this medicine have been given away to try its virtues, with satisfactory results in every case. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents to try. Three doses will relieve the worst case. Positively sold by all Druggists on the Western Continent.

9-27-1y-eow

Dr. VanDyke's Sulphur Soap.

DR. VANDYKE, whose life long speciality, and world-wide reputation for curing Skin Diseases, has endeavored for years to combine an EXTERNAL TREATMENT. He has accomplished this desirable result in the preparation of his compound "SULPHUR SOAP," the merits of which is spoken of by thousands; it is highly recommended to all our readers. Price 25 cts., by mail, 35 cts a box; 3 cakes, 60 cts., by mail, 75 cts. Office, 50 north 5th St. Wholesale Depot, 400 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Druggists.

9-27-1y-cow

HOW IT IS DONE.—The first object in life with the American people is to "get rich;" the second, how to regain good health. The first can be obtained by energy, honesty and saving; the second (good health), by using Green's August Flower. Should you be a despondent sufferer from any of the effects of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, &c., such as Sick Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Sour Stomach, Habitual Costiveness, Dizziness of the Head, Nervous Prostration, Low Spirits, &c., you need not suffer another day. Two doses of August Flower will relieve you at once. Sample Bottles, 10 cents. Regular size, 75 cents. Positively sold by all first-class Druggists in the United States.

30-cow-tf

ASTONISHING SUCCESS.—It is the duty of every person who has used Boschee's German Syrup to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing consumption, severe coughs, asthma, pneumonia, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all druggists to recommend it to the poor, dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 40,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the German Syrup can not be too widely known. Ask your druggist about it. Sample bottles to try sold at 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. For sale by J. Zeller & Son and F. P. Green. 35-tf-eow

New Advertisements.

PROPOSALS.—The Western Union Telegraph Company invites proposals until 12 o'clock noon, April 8, 1878, for furnishing 8,000 *White Pine Arms*, six feet long, 3½x4½, planed and bored for four 1½ inch pins, and two holes through centre for bolts, as per sample which will be furnished; sound, free from sap, or knots larger than a silver quarter, deliverable in car loads, loaded on cars, subject to inspection at point of destination, on or before May fifteenth.

Bills to be paid between the 15th and 25th of the months following the deliveries.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids, or accept any one which may seem for the best interests of the company.

The party whose bid is accepted may, at the option of the company, be required to give bond with two sureties for the proper fulfillment of the contract.

Proposals should be sealed and addressed to the undersigned, indorsed on envelope "Proposal for cross arms." WM. HUNTER,
13-3t Supt. of Supplies.
New York, March 22, 1878.

SCHOOL TAX NOTICE.—All persons who have neglected to pay their borough School Tax are hereby notified that the time allowed by the law has expired and therefore it is to be hoped that the collector will not have the unpleasant duty of collecting by levy and sale of their personal property enforced upon him. But if not paid promptly he must pursue this course. WILLIAM JONES,
13-3t Collector.

LEGAL NOTICE.—Application will be made to His Honor, John H. Orvis, at Chambers, on Saturday the 13th day of April, 1878, for the incorporation of the "Mechanics Hall Association, of Snow Shoe Township, Centre County, Pa." The object of the Association will be "to promote the social culture of its members and the interests of American mechanics." ADAM HOY,
13-3t Solicitor.

PIANOS Retail price $900 only $260. *Parlor Organs*, price $375 only $105. Paper free. D. F. Beatty, Washington, N. J. 13 4t

ORGANS *Highest honors at all World's Exhibitions.* Latest Catalogues and Circulars, with new styles, reduced prices and much information, sent free. MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., Boston, New York or Chicago. 13-4w

PIANOS & ORGANS At Factory Prices. Great reduction to close out present stock of 500 new and second-hand instruments of five first-class makers, fully warranted and at prices that defy competition for this class of instruments. Agents wanted for Waters' superior Bell Organs and Pianos. Illustrated Catalogues mailed. Horace Waters and Sons, manufacturers and dealers, 40 East 14th Street, New York. Also general agents for Shoninger's celebrated Premium Organs. 13-4w

SWEET Chewing JACKSON'S BEST NAVY Tobacco!

Awarded highest prize at Centennial Exposition for fine chewing qualities and excellence and lasting character of sweetening and flavoring. The best tobacco ever made. As our blue strip trade-mark is closely imitated on inferior goods, see that *Jackson's Best* is on every plug. Sold by all dealers. Send for sample, free. To C. A. JACKSON & Co., Mfrs., Petersburg, VA.

G. F. WARDLE, General Agent, Philadelphia
14 4t

CARPETS!

Carpets, Carpets,

AT GREATLY

REDUCED PRICES!

ASSORTMENT COMPLETE

AND

Larger than ever before offered.

CARPETS!
Carpets! Carpets!

—AT—

S. & A. LOEB'S,

ALLEGHENY STREET,

12tf BELLEFONTE, PA.

AUCTIONEER'S CARD.—Philip Teats, who has had large experience as an auctioneer, offers his services to the people of Centre county. He speaks both German and English, and possesses the invaluable gift in an auctioneer of a loud, clear voice, and can be distinctly heard a long distance. Those having work of this kind to do will do well to give him a call. Charges moderate. Call on or address him at Bellefonte, Pa. 12-1year

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration have been granted to the undersigned, by the Register, on the estate of Esther Yothers. All persons knowing themselves indebted to the said estate will please make immediate payment, and all those having accounts against the same will present them for payment, properly authenticated.

W. B. TURNER,
12-6w* Union Township.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of JOSEPH McCLOSKEY, dec'd. Exceptions to the account of John and Nathan McCloskey, Executors.—The undersigned auditor, appointed by the Court, to hear and determine the exceptions to the account of John and Nathan McCloskey, Executors of, &c., of Joseph McCloskey, dec'd, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office, in Bellefonte, on THURSDAY, the 11th day of April, A. D. 1878, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested may attend.

12-3w WILBUR F. REEDER, Auditor.

Iron City College

The most complete business college in the United States. Course of study comprehensive, thorough and eminently practical. Students received at any time.

☞ For circulars address,
J. C. SMITH, A. M., PRINCIPAL,
10 4t Pittsburgh, Pa.

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☞ SEND US ☜

Your Name and Address,

and in return we will send you, *Free of Charge, Postage Paid*, a copy of our

BEAUTIFUL BOOK OF POEMS,

Entitled

"Moses, the Great Law-Giver,"

a collection of Poems illustrating the Life of Moses, being selections from Mrs. Hemans, W. Cullen Bryant, and other celebrated authors. Beautifully illustrated.

On receipt of Twenty-five Cents

to pay expense of mailing, &c., we will send you a *Choice Pair* of Engravings, after the old Masters. Address,

NATIONAL BUREAU OF ENGRAVING,
512 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

St. Louis and San Francisco Railway

LANDS FOR SALE!

1,000,000 ACRES in Southwest Missouri from **$2.50** to **$8.00** an acre. First-class stock and agricultural lands. The best tobacco region in the West. Fine fruit, no grasshoppers, abundance of good water, short winters, convenient markets, good schools, low taxes, healthful country, and good society. Seven years' credit. Free transportation from St. Louis to those who purchase land. Send for circular and other information. Address, W. H. Coffin, Land Commissioner, Temple Building, St. Louis Missouri. 12 4t

$125. A MONTH AND EXPENSES to Agents. Send stamp for terms. S. C. FOSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O.

White Lead, Red Lead, Colors, Putty, Linseed Oil, Oil Meal. 12-3m

SUYDAM, LAWRENCE & CO. WHITE LEAD. Guaranteed Strictly PURE. PITTSBURGH, PA.

PURE and of uniform quality. If not kept by your merchant, order direct.

ALL OUR productions are guaranteed

Health and Happiness.

Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS.

The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Billious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your Druggist will not supply, send 25 cents for one box to Barrick, Roller & Co., 70 N. 4th St. Phila 10 2-1y

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

DURING

FEBRUARY & MARCH

WE WILL SELL A

Star Parlor Organ

WITH UPRIGHT WALNUT CASE, CARVED LIDS, CARVED BRACKETS, VENEERED PANELS, ARTISTIC WORKMANSHIP, HAVING 12 STOPS

TWO 5-OCTAVE SETS

OF REEDS, AND

ONE 3-OCTAVE

SET.

LIST PRICE - $275.00.

Reduced Price $85,00.

Deposit the purchase money with your bank or responsible business man AND SEND FOR THE ORGAN. Pay freight and examine it ten days. If it satisfies you the deposit is ours; if you are not entirely satisfied, return the Organ to the railroad station and get your freight, go the bank or business man and get your money. You have not lost a penny and have run no risk.

WE FULLY WARRANT FOR

FIVE YEARS.

We are the bona fide manufacturers, having large factories in WASHINGTON, N. J., driven by steam.

We are the only advertisers from this place who make any part of an Organ.

FOR CASH WITH THE ORDER WE WILL DISCOUNT TEN DOLLARS FROM THE ABOVE PRICE.

Address,

ALLEGER, BOWLEY & CO.,

10-9 tf Washington, N.J.

$50 For a CASE of CATARRH That Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh will not instantly relieve and speedily cure. References, Henry Wells, Esq., Wells, Fargo & Co., Aurora, N. Y. Wm. Bowen, Esq., McHatton, Grant & Bowen, St. Louis. Testimonials and treatise by mail. Price, with improved Inhaler, $1. Sold everywhere. WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass. 10 12 4t

$50

BELLEFONTE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the stockholders will be held on Monday April 1, 1878, at 7½ o'clock P. M., at the rooms of the Association; and on the same evening an election will be held for seven directors to serve the ensuing year. JACOB V. THOMAS, Secretary.
Bellefonte, Pa., March 11, 1878. 11-3t

SOLOMON DERR. hereby gives notice to his old friends and the business community generally that he has a good team of horses, and that he is prepared at all times to deliver lumber, flour, feed or baggage, or anything else in his line, to any part of the town or county. Everything committed to his care will be attended to punctually. 1-28-1y

New Advertisements.

A FIRST-CLASS

Business Chance!

Hardware, Tinware & Stove Store

FOR SALE!

Located at Spring Mills, Centre Co., Pa.

The terminus of the Lewisburg and Spruce Creek Railroad is now a good stand, and will be one of the best in the State this year and in the future. The tin shop alone will and does pay well, as there are none nearer than Millheim and Centre Hall, both about six miles off. We can convince any parties wishing to buy that it is a good business point. Will sell Store Room and contents at

First Cost!

Our reasons for selling are that one of us expect to be away a greater part of this summer, in the Water and Steam Governor business, in which we have lately become largely interested, and our business in the Bellefonte store requiring all our attention.

This is a good chance for any one desiring this line of business.

For particulars inquire of the below mentioned firm at their place of business in Bellefonte.

T. A. HICKS & BRO.

10 7 tf

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Lydia Ann Rupert, dec'd, late of Liberty twp., Centre Co., all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

11-4t W. H. FEARON, Administrator.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—ESTATE OF P. Benner Wilson.—Letters testimentary upon the estate of Philip Benner Wilson, late of Bellefonte, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

W. P. WILSON,
ISAAC MITCHELL.
11-3t Executors.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the assignment of Ira C. Johnson, No. 127, January Term, 1879. In the Common Pleas of Centre County.

The undersigned auditor, appointed by the Court to make distribution of the funds remaining in the hands of D. Z. Kline, assignee, among those legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte, Pa., on Tuesday, the 26th day of March, A. D. 1878, at 10 o'clock A. M., when and where all parties interested will attend and represent their claims.

WILBUR F. REEDER,
10 3t Auditor.

TEMPERANCE ORCHESTRA.

THE above organization can be engaged to play for churches, Sunday schools, social entertainments, temperance organizations, festivals, &c., at very reasonable rates, by applying by letter or in person to the leader.

E. A SMITH, Leader.
No 7, Humes' Block. 7-4f

FARM FOR SALE.—We offer for sale a farm in Marion township, containing three hundred and eighty-eight acres, about fifty acres cleared, a good house and barn, wash house and other necessary buildings on the place, also good water and a large assortment of fine fruit trees. This is a good opportunity for anyone wanting a good home. Terms to suit purchaser. Price $3,500. Apply to

EDWARD T. TUTEN,
10 3-tf REPUBLICAN office.
Bellefonte, Feb. 23, 1878.

GOLD.	Mines and Lands.	COAL.
Gold	*Mines and Lands*	*Coal*
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Iron	*Mining Agency,*	*Copper*
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Coal	PHILADELPHIA.	*Mica*
Marl	*A. H. Wyman & Co.*	*Gypsum*

How When Where **TO BUY A FARM**

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE

A. H. WYMAN & CO.

No. 206 South Seventh Street, PHILADELPHIA.

10 4t

NOTICE TO CONSUMERS

—OF—

LORILLARD **TOBACCO**

The great celebrity of our **Tin Tag Tobacco** has caused many imitations thereof to be placed on the market, we therefore caution all Chewers against purchasing such imitations.

All dealers buying or selling other plug tobacco bearing a hard or metallic label, render themselves liable to the penalty of the Law, and all persons violating our trade marks are punishable by fine and imprisonment. **See Act of Congress, Aug. 14th, 1876.**

The genuine **Lorillard Tin Tag Tobacco** can be distinguished by a **Tin Tag** on each lump with the word **Lorillard** stamped thereon.

Over **7,088** tons of tobacco sold in **1877**, and nearly **3,000** persons employed in factories.

Taxes paid Government in 1877 about **$3,500,000**, and during the past **12 years**, over **$20,000,000.**

These goods sold by all jobbers at manufacturers' rates.

☞ The Tin Tag Smoking Tobacco is "second to none" in aroma, mildness, purity and quality. 10 3m

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires, the growth of the nations of modern Europe, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc.

It contains **672** fine historical engravings, and **1260** large double column pages, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. It sells at sight. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents, and see why it sells faster than any other book. Address,

NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
11-4t Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOK 33 newest and most popular songs, with writings of instruction and amusement; also a list of all the battles, when and where fought, during the war, for 3c stamp. Address, Desmond & Co., 915 Race street, Philadelphia. 10 4t

5000 Agents wanted to subscribe for the Agents Journal, a handsomely bound, 24-page journal, brim full of interest to agents. Specimen copy sent free.

10 4t AGENTS' JOURNAL, N. Y.

The Bellefonte Republican

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Select Miscellany.

The Model Press.

The following article we find going the rounds of the Western press, and as it is so illustrative of the subject of the *toast* we give it place entire. Mr. McCreery, of the Dubuque *Times*, offers the response.

The Model Press.
"Pledged but to truth, to liberty and law,
No favor sways it, and no fear shall awe."

Mr. McCreery responded in substance as follows: This is a toast to which I cannot respond. The fact is, I was deceived in reference to the matter. I was told that I would be expected to respond to the toast, "Model Presses." But when the sentiment came to me in the manuscript, it was to "The Model Press." To that toast, I say, I cannot respond intelligently. Whether I look around me in Dubuque, or over in Chicago, or away over in New York or San Francisco, I am unable to find a representative of a "Model Press." And what is worse, I never expect to find one. The moral portion, the temperance portion, the religious portion of the community are determined that nothing of the sort shall exist, and so I never expect anything of the sort to exist permanently. The moral element, the temperance element, the religious element in a community are persistent and zealous and doing everything possible to discourage a "model press," and therefore I never expect to see a "model newspaper." I have sometimes thought I would like to see a model newspaper in Dubuque. The first thing needful, of course, would be a model editor. To borrow the words of a politician a year or so ago, "That's me!" I have sometimes imagined myself—you will see that in case of necessity I am capable of a tremendous stretch of imagination—worth ten thousand dollars. With that ten thousand dollars I imagine myself starting a daily newspaper in Dubuque that shall be a representative of a "model press." I publicly announce my purpose, and place at the head of my paper for a motto the sentiment assigned me this evening: "Pledged to truth, to liberty and law, no favor sways us, and no fear shall awe." I am overwhelmed with the cordial congratulations of a virtue-loving public, who are sadly dissatisfied with other publications, and are yearning to positively impoverish themselves for the purpose of sustaining a "model press." The very first man that applies to have an advertisement inserted is a wholesale liquor dealer, who, having learned that my paper starts out with a large country circulation, is to advertise his stock of wines, whiskies, brandies, etc., at the head of my paper; say an eighth of a column double, worth $10 a week, $35 a month, or $120 per year. But here is an opportunity to put my high-toned moral principles into practice. I am a temperance man and do not believe in assisting to extend the sale of intoxicating liquors; I am conducting a paper which "no favor sways," and so I refuse to insert the advertisement, and bravely cast the $120 over my shoulder. So likewise with all advertisements of quack doctors, cancer specialists, fortune tellers, patent medicines, ten-pin alleys, tobacco, cigars, etc. The next man to enter my office is a good, moral, temperate, Christian brother, to whom I relate what I have done. He warmly commends what I have done and my devotion to principle. It is so different, he says, so much more admirable, than the course of that representative of a venal and a corrupt press across the street, that is ready to puff anything for pay, from Lady Alice to Flannery's Orchestra; and he assures me of the support of the better element in the community. I tell him I am very glad of that, for I have been figuring up and find that to run my paper costs $400 a week. My income, had I accepted the liquor and quack medicine advertisements, would have been $430 a week, and the paper could have managed to live; but without them the income is but $275 a week, leaving a deficit of $175 a week—$500 a month—$9,000 a year—which at the end of two years will have eaten up my $10,000 invested, and leave me stranded, bankrupt, $4,000 in debt, and the moral, high-toned citizens of Dubuque without an organ in the shape of a model newspaper. Now he and they must rally to my support. My friend tells me he will do it—they will all hasten with alacrity and joy to do that. But, just now his errand is to have me put into my paper a notice that his church is going to have a festival to raise funds to carpet the seats; and as my paper is published in the interests of moral and religious portion of the community he is sure I will do it for nothing. I offer to do it at half price—to contribute as much toward making public the announcement of the forthcoming festival as all the rest of the congregation combined; but somehow this generosity on my part does not seem to satisfy him. He understood the arrangement when I started out to publish a high-toned, moral, model newspaper to be that I was to do everything for all good causes for nothing, except love of goodness and virtue, and that all good and virtuous people were absolved from doing anything for me! Now I will announce myself to become the editor of a high-toned, moral, model newspaper right here in the city of Dubuque, as soon as I can find a business manager who can run it on high-toned, moral principles—that is, securing an income of $400 a week by refusing the money of sinners and working for saints for nothing! Because the paper with which I am connected has come, too, nearly up to this model for its own financial success, I heard a pious man this afternoon denounce it as truckling and venal. In imagination I see that good man dying and his pure spirit winging its way to the gate of heaven. St. Peter standing at the gate inquires, "Who's there?" He gives his name. "I don't recollect ever hearing that name before," says Peter, "what was your occupation?" "I was a preacher, and before I died had charge of a church a little ways out of Dubuque." "What did you ever do in the interest of virtue and justice and humanity that entitles you to an entrance here?" "Well, my main business, for the year before I died, was denouncing the Dubuque *Times* because it refused to send me the paper for nothing, and then after having advertised fairs, festivals, etc. to the amount of over $200 for my church for nothing, at last had the insufferable insolence to charge half price." And then, in imagination, I hear St. Peter saying unto him, "You poor, miserable, self-righteous, stingy little soul—go to h—l!" Seriously, not that favor sways or awes, is the most demoralizing influence with a newspaper; but the knowledge obtained by sad experience that sinners are as a rule the most generous and whole-souled, and those who assume to be saints par excellence are the most selfish and penurious of mankind. As in this city, liquor dealers and others whom we all agree are violaters of the laws of God and man, give from $100 to $5000 each toward building new churches, while the temperance army of a city of 56,000 inhabitants can't raise money enough to pay the rent for Branskill's Hall for Good Templars to meet in, so the entire support received from distinctively temperance men in Dubuque would not defray the running expenses of one of the Dubuque dailies for three days.

How Matches are Made.

A match is a small thing. We seldom pause to think, after it has performed its mission and we have carelessly thrown it away, that it has a history of its own, and that, like some more pretentious things, its journey from the forest to the match-safe is full of changes. The match of to-day has a story far more interesting than that of the old-fashioned match. As we have said, much of the timber used in the manufacture comes from the immense tracts of forest in the Hudson Bay Territory. It is floated down the water courses to the lakes, through which it is towed in great log-rafts. These rafts are divided; some parts are pulled through the canals, and some by other means are taken to market. When well through the seasoning process, which occupies from one to two years, the pine is cut up into blocks twice as long as a match, and about eight inches wide by two inches thick. These blocks are passed through a machine which cuts them up into "splints," round or square, of just the thickness of a match but twice its length. The machine is capable, as we are told, of making 2,000,000 splints in a day. This number seems immense when compared with the number that could be made in the old way, by hand. The splints are then taken to the "setting" machine, and this rolls them into bundles about eighteen inches in diamater, every splint separated from its neighbors by little spaces, so that there may be no sticking together after the "dipping." In the operation of "setting," a ribbon of coarse stuff about an inch and a half wide, and an eighth of an inch thick, is rolled up, the splints being laid across the ribbon between each two courses, leaving about a quarter of an inch between adjoining splints. From the "setting" machine the bundles go to the "dipping" room. After the ends of the splints have been pounded down to make them even, the bundles are dipped—both ends—into the molten sulphur and then into the phosphorus solution, which is spread over a large iron plate. Next they are hung into a frame to dry. When dried they are placed in a machine which, as it unrolls the ribbon, cuts the sticks in two across the middle, thus making two complete matches of each splint. The match is made. The towering pine which listened to the whisper of the south wind and swayed in the cold northern blast, has been so divided that we can take it bit by bit and lightly twirl it between two finfiers. But what it has lost in size it has gained in use. The little flame it carries, and which looks so harmless, flashing into brief existence, has a latent power more terrible than the whirlwind which perhaps sent the tall pine tree crashing to the ground. But the story is not yet closed. From the machine which completed the matches they are taken to the "boxers"—mostly girls and women—who place them in little boxes. The speed with which this is done is surprising. With one hand they pick up an empty case and remove the cover, while with the other they seize just a sufficient number of matches, and by a peculiar shuffling motion arrange them evenly, then—'tis done. —*St. Nicholas.*

Sovereigns, as issued by the British mint, weigh 123.27 grains. When by attrition they fall below 122.5 they cease to be current coin.

Eight hundred and eleven thousand trade dollars were shipped East from San Francisco during February.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Harper's Magazine for April, 1878.

Harper's Magazine for April is a many-sided number, containing something for every class of readers. The infinite variety of the number is not more striking than the largeness of every element entering into its composition.

In the opening article, entitled "The American Clyde," the reader is introduced to the great iron ship-yards on the Delaware; and before his eyes every stage in the building of an iron ship is represented in the vigorous text of the article, and in numerous effective illustrations.

Two illustrated descriptive papers have for their subjects Siena, the ancient rival of Florence, and the Hartz Mountains.

"The Electric Time Service" is a scientific subject, treated in a popular style by Prof. S. P. Langley, of the Alleghany Observatory, with illustrations.

"The Normal College of New York City," by W. H. Rideing, is an important educational paper, treated in a very picturesque style, with bright and novel illustrations by Reinhart, Miss Curtis, and other artists. A fine sketch, illustrated, by Mrs. Sarah C. Hallowell, given in another part of the number, is full of suggestions as to the physical and mental training of girls.

An illustrated paper, by W. L. Alden, entitled "The Perfect Canoe," will be read with interest by every canoeist, and will prove entertaining to the general reader.

Art subjects are given considerable space. The second paper of the series, on "Old Flemish Masters," is about Hubert and Jean van Eyck, the latter of whom introduced important improvements in the use of colors. The paper is beautifully illustrated. Under the title of "A New Departure in American Art," G. W. Sheldon contributes a very interesting article on the new art association—the "Society of American Artists"—whose first exhibition is now being held in the Kurtz Gallery, in New York city.

Immediately associated with the art subjects are the poetical contents of the number. Milton's "L'Allegro" is reproduced, with twenty-two illustrations, made by the artist of the London Etching Club some thirty years ago. "A Song," by C. G. Rosetti, is the motive for an exquisite illustration by Abbey. "The Friar-Ass," an interesting and humorous poem, by Pignotti, the Italian La Fontaine, is reproduced in the version made by Henry F. Cary, the distingnished translator of Dante, with three illustrations by Eytinge.

Of fiction there are the two remarkable novels, by William Black and Thomas Hardy, and a number of excellent short stories. Black's story, this month, contains a beautiful illustration by George H. Boughton. "Aunt Kerammick's Art Studies," one of the short stories, is a very humorous narrative, "taking off," in a pleasant way, the mania for decorative art in some of its most extravagant aspects.

The paper contributed by Edward Howland, entitled "Our Indian Brothers," not only demands consideration for a subject of great national interest, but is also very timely, in view of the proposed transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department.

The "Easy Chair" chats of timely subjects—the early days of the pontificate of Pius the Ninth—the Eastern Question—the piety of the Press—the morality of Dancing, etc. The other Editorial Departments are abreast of the time in their respective fields, including a capital "Drawer."

This number of the magazine contains over one hundred illustrations.

The Domestic Monthly.

The March number of this sterling magazine shows no abatement in the vigor of its management, and is, if anything, an improvement on the brilliant numbers which have preceded it this year. Its fashion department is the feature which will probably prove most attractive to the ladies, with its wealth of gracefully presented and fresh information concerning the *modes*, which cannot fail to delight the femanine eye during the spring season; its exquisitely handsome fashion plate, representing stylish house and outdoor costumes, and a large number of detail illustrations. Great care seems to have been exercised in making this department not only attractive and fascinating, but also thoroughly reliable and exhaustive. Each illustration is fully explained in the text, comprising trimmings, seasonable fabrics, skirts and skirtings, infants' clothing, millinery, coiffures, *lingerie*, fancy and needle work, etc.

In the department of literature proper we find another instalment of Mary Cecil Hay's charming serial, "Her Three Lovers;" several sketches of more than ordinary merit; No. 6 in Eben E. Rexford's delightful series of "Flower Talks;" poems by Joaquin Miller, Austin Dobson, and others, in addition to the ever enjoyable Miscellany and Small Talk, excellent book reviews, instructive Household Department, and humorous and thoughtful Mosaics.

The *Domestic Monthly* is published by BLAKE & COMPANY, 849 Broadway, New York, at $1.50 per year, inclusive of pattern premium. Specimen copies, 15 cents.

The Domestic Monthly.

Progress, indeed, characterizes the growth of this splendid magazine, as the February number, being measurably in advance of the January—the initial number in the present enlarged and improved form of the magazine. Its full reports of fashion, its fresh and reliable information concerning every department of dress, and splendid illustrations, cannot fail to be specially delightful to every lady reader, while its fashion plate, to say nothing of the stylish toilettes represented by it, is unquestionably the handsomest and most artistic of any ever seen in any fashion journal. The number opens with a comprehensive review of fashion, giving a full account of all the prevailing and forthcoming novelties in the fashion world, which is followed by all the explicit descriptions of the costumes represented on the plate, and of the large number of individual garments for ladies and children illustrated. The remainder of the fashion matter is divided into articles on Millinery, Coiffures, *Lingerie*, Domestic Art, etc., Twenty-two of its large pages are devoted to fashion—an array not equalled by any of its competitors, while every item of information provided is fresh, reliable, and practical.

The literary department is full of attractions—principally consisting of an installment of Mary Cecil Hay's charming novel, "Her Three Lovers;" concluding part of a very entertaining sketch, "The Doctor's Sister;" "The Trumpeter's Horse," a delightful little story; a number of fine poems; and No. 5 in Eben E. Rexford's interesting series of "Flower Talks." The Miscellany is, as usual, very interesting and instructive, the Small Talk vivacious, the Household Department full of useful information, the Mosaics humorous and thoughtful, while the Book Reviews exhibit rare judgment and critical power.

The Domestic Monthly is published by Blake & Company, 849 Broadway, New York, at $1.50 per year. Specimen copies, 15 cents.

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., 41 Barclay Street, N. Y., have sent us their reprint of the *Westminster Review* for January. The following summary of the contents shows that it is a very interesting number.

I. "Democracy in Europe." The reviewer discusses Sir Erskine May's recent work on the subject, and presents his own views on the nature, present condition, and future prospects of European democracy.

II. "Charlotte Bronte." A sketch of her life, accompanied with discriminating criticism of her works. She did not invent much; she was more a writer of veritable history than of unveracious fiction. She took her characters from actual life; her incidents from real facts.

III. "The Education of Girls: their Admissibility to Universities." Gives many details respecting the educational and professional facilities granted to women in Europe and the United States.

IV. "Lessing: his Life and Writings." We have here a long and valuable article, which glances briefly at the leading facts in Lessing's life, notes some of his characteristics, and bring prominently forward some of the great lessons deducible from his works as theologian, poet, and critic.

V. "The Indian Famine: how dealt with in West India."

VI. "Charles Sumner." A sketch of that statesmen's early career, with many extracts from the letters he wrote and the journal he kept during his European tour.

VII. "The Telephone." A short and clear description of Mr. Bell's researches in electric telephony, and an explanation of the action of the telephone.

VIII. "India and Our Colonial Empire."

IX. Contemporary Literature.

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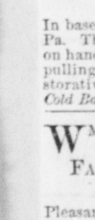

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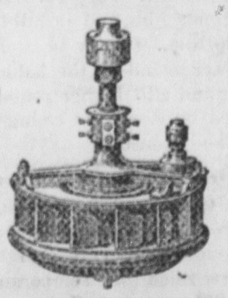

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AT BELLEFONTE, PA.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

Local Department.

Brummell's at Green's.

Farmers are making maple sugar.

Remember, cash paid for butter at Valentines' store.

The past winter has been one of the best for the poor.

They have a new postmaster at Millheim in the person of A. D. Musser, Esq.

The Wilkesbarre *Record* has a telephone in its office communicating with Pittston and other local points.

The weather was so warm last Saturday afternoon that a Milesburg man waltzed into town with a big straw hat on.

Enhotter is the name of an Erie man who was married the other day. He's probably Enhotter water by this time than he ever got into before.

Now that a Louisiana Congressman has died of yellow fever at Havana, other fellows in love with beautiful Cuban girls had better stay at home.

Remember the Centennial Temperance Club entertainment at Reynolds' Hall, next Friday evening, March 29. Tickets for sale at F. P. Blair's jewelry store.

Pupils of the primary school, who have brothers or sisters in the other departments of the Academy, will be taken at special rates. The term opens the first of April.

W. W. Brown says that any man is very foolish to go to Kansas with less than three hundred dollars, and that, even with that, it will require lots of pluck and energy to succeed.

Frank Blair will open, some time this week, a very fine line of clocks, and will offer them at the very lowest figures that really a good clock can be sold for.

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature to prevent the burning of human bodies after death. But this won't help the editor of the *Watchman* any. Nothing but a miracle will save him now.

The funeral of Mr. John Welch, of this place, whose death we chronicled in our last issue, occurred last Friday, and was largely attended by the colored population of this town and vicinity.

The *Watchman* says we had a long article last week trying to prove why poor men who have no work and no money should be sold out for taxes. This is false; the REPUBLICAN tried to prove no such thing.

We wonder if the old adage that "When March comes in like a lamb it will go out like a lion," will prove true this year. It has been very lamblike so far, much to the satisfaction of the Bellefonte fancies.

Joe says that all the Fureys that have left here have gone to Heaven. Well, if he does not make the first exception to that rule then there is no further use for a hell. St. Peter might as well throw up his job and leave the gates wide open.

Mr. John Zimmerman, having tried his hand at almost every thing in this State, not always without success, has determined to try his hand in Kansas where, we are informed, he goes this week. John is a shrewd, sharp business man, and we doubt not will make his fortune in his new western home. Success to him.

The *Watchman* has refused to publish Kansas letters because it is afraid they will mislead the people. We are glad that the editors of that journal are beginning to have a little conscience. Now stick to it, and we doubt not you may in time be fully regenerated. The Lock Haven *Republican* has also determined to tread this path of sacred duty.

A correspondent writes us that he frequently wakes up in the night from a sound sleep feeling exceedingly faint and hungry, and desires to know if we ever heard of such a case before, and what is good for it. We don't remember of ever hearing of a like case, neither do we like to encourage free lunching in bed, but if our correspondent becomes ravenous, and unable to stand it till morning, by all means let him take a roll—over.

Gone to Conference.

Yesterday, Rev. George W. Miller, who, during the last three years, has been the pastor of the M. E. church, in this place, left for the annual conference at Lewisburg. There he will be assigned to another pastorate. With last Sunday's services he closed his labors here.

The largest congregation that ever filled the church, excepting perhaps the time Bishop Simpson performed the dedicatory services, assembled on last Sunday evening to hear his farewell sermon. The text was, "And there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." The sermon was a grand one and among the best the reverend gentleman has ever preached here.

Mr. Miller has left behind him a record of which he and the congregation he leaves behind him may well feel proud. He came with the panic. Then the beggarly congregation (in point of numbers) were worshiping in the old church near the jail. They were behind considerably with his predecessor's salary, then only one thousand dollars; they had other debts, and, in truth, were both financially and spiritually poor.

It was the worst time in a period of ten years for them to undertake to build a new church. The sequel proved what could be done under the following of a competent leader. The old church debt was speedily wiped out, the pastor's salary was raised to $1,500 per year, and the new church project was set on foot. To the raising of funds Mr. Miller set himself to work most industriously. When this important detail was well under way a site was selected, a plan of building agreed upon, and steadily and surely the new church raised its form into completion. To-day it is completed and paid for, and is an ornament to the town and a credit to the great Methodist Episcopal church. During its erection Mr. Miller was, in turn, solicitor, architect, builder and general manager, and, with able assistants, from whose share of merit none would detract, it is not saying too much to aver that he filled every station ably. Out of his own pocket he paid nearly $400, being the cost of the tasteful frescoing in the main audience room. During all this time he attended faithfully to the spiritual duties of pastorship, and, under God's blessing, much good has been accomplished. His sermons were always original, practical and often eloquent. He always was listened to by a well filled house. He possessed the quality of being thoroughly honest with himself and his people,—so honest, in fact, that many times he excited the ire of brethren who cared not to be told of their faults. He was and is a bitter enemy of all hypocrisy, and this quality perhaps has been the means of subsidizing the exclusively halleluiah element to better uses. He worked faithfully and effectively in the cause of temperance, and took a hand in everything else that tended to the upbuilding of mankind and his Master's kingdom. Rev. Miller is a positive man and outspoken, and has therefore made some enemies. He never panders to the whims and notions of peculiar people.

He leaves this place bearing with him the good-will and wishes of the community almost in general, and the impress of his labors here will be felt for good during many a year to come. As a speaker it will be hard to find his equal within the bounds of the Central Penna. Conference. He has received a unanimous call from the First M. E. church of Chambersburg, and will probably go there, as it is one of the best appointments in the Conference. His successor, we hear, will be Rev. A. D. Yocum, of Milton, but of course this is little better then surmise.

Last Saturday was warm and balmy, the birds sang sweetly, and the women indulged in lengthy discussions over the back yard fence about the new spring bonnets, and Sunday morning, about twelve hours later, it was cold enough to freeze the hair off a brass kettle, and the wind whisked round the corner sixty-nine miles an hour. It is such rapid changes of the weather as these that fills the weather prophets with alarm and amazement, upsets the farmer's calculations, and makes a feller talk through his nose.

Our friend Philip Teats has started out as an auctioneer, and those who have heard him say that he is hard to beat, which we also do not doubt, as he is an old, experienced salesman. He has a very clear voice and speaks both German and English. He is full of energy; that we know, for we had him in our employ about six months last summer. If Philip cannot sell your goods, you may just calculate that they are not salable. He will have a sale at Joseph Eckles next Saturday. See his advertisement in another column.

Brummell's at Green's.

A Comparison.

Some people have a very crude idea of honesty. Last week a friend of ours, while at Harrisburg, went into a room of the Bolton House to get his boots blacked. The darkey who flourished the brush had a sign on the back of his chair advertising that he performed that service for five cents. A gentleman had just got up from the chair, but not noticing the card, handed the bootblack ten cents. That individual, thinking his customer did not know the terms, kept the money. Afterwards the gentleman noticed the card, and upraided the knight of the blacking pot for his dishonesty. But he kept the money, and did the same work for our friend afterwards for the advertised price. Now here is a contrast: Gov. Hartranft employed a boy to carry his valise a short distance. After the service was performed he handed the boy a coin. Shortly after the little fellow came running up saying, "Governor, did you not intend to give me twenty-five cents?" "Yes," said the Governor. "Well," said the boy, "you gave me a ten dollar gold piece," and handing it back received his quarter. This honest little fellow will prosper; he has that spark of manly honor about him that will always command respect. Such a boy or man need never be out of employment, for such honesty in these, or any other times, has always been at a premium. Do men who do as this negro did realize that they are sure to suffer greatly in the end for the practice of such trickery? They may think it is sharp—may justify it on the ground that every man should do his own business; but, after all, they will find that it does not pay. Honesty is not only right in the sight of God and man, but it is the best policy always, and under all circumstances.

Fifth Regiment Election.

An election was held at the Leister House, Huntingdon, last Friday evening, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Colonel Philip Benner Wilson, of this place. Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Burchfield, of Altoona, who is a good officer and very popular with the men, was elected without opposition to the position of Colonel, after which he was sent for and made a speech, thanking the gentlemen for the honor conferred. They then proceeded to fill the vacancy occasioned by the promotion. The candidates nominated were Capt. D. H. Hastings, of Bellefonte, Capt. W. W. VanOrmer, of Schellsburg, and S. W. Davis, of Ebensburg. The result of the vote was Hastings, 9; VanOrmer, 6; Davis, 2. Mr. Hastings was then notified of his election, and made a little speech. Colonel Hastings bears his honors with becoming modesty, as usual. He is a fine looking fellow, and any one who sees him would say at once he was built for a colonel. We always thought so; that is the reason we dubbed him with that title long ago. But he always seemed to think a newspaper colonel was not much of a position; but now he is a full-fledged colonel, and no mistake. How are you, Colonel Hastings? Shake.

The College Entertainment.

We are indebted to the ladies of the State College for complimentary tickets to their entertainment this evening. This enterprise is for the benefit of the Ladies' Reading Room. We understand that quite a delegation of Bellefonters intend to see the show, which, we doubt not, will well repay them for a journey to the college. The following programme is announced:

Part I.—Music.

Piano Duett—Dame de Seville, *Shubert*,
Misses Orvis & Grabowskii.

Ballad, *Tennyson*, Miss H. Foster.

MRS. JARLEY'S ADDRESS.
Exhibition of Figures.
Ancient Belle, Modern Belle, Indian Woman, Chinese Lady, Hebe, Minerva, Quakeress, Mrs. Bloomer, Barbara Freitchie, Mrs. Winslowe.

Part II.—Music.

Piano Solo—Sans-Souci Galop, *Ascher*,
Miss H. Foster.

Vocal Duett—The Minute Gun at Sea,
Mrs. C. Alfred Smith & Miss Foster.

Exhibition of Figures.
Brutus, Cassius, Maud Muller and the Judge, Romeo and Juliet, Jack Sprat and Mrs. Sprat, Live Yankee, The Ghost of Cæsar, Lord Byron, Signorini Squallini, Mr. Jarley.

Music.

Piano Solo—"Last Hope," *Gottschalk*,
Mrs. C. Alfred Smith.

Vocal Duett—Dark Day of Horror, *Semiramide*.
Mrs. Dent & Mrs. Smith.

Almost a Fire.

Last Monday some little boys, sons of Morris Cowdrick, Esq., living on Linn street, Bellefonte, were in their father's barn, situated on the alley back of the house, playing with some matches. Under the steps there was a lot of straw. One of the children dropped a lighted match into it, and it was quickly in a blaze. The youngest, a lad of three summers, went to the house and told his older sisters that they had set the barn on fire. The girls ran to the barn, and, after some trouble, succeeded in extinguishing the fire, with no damage except the burning of the steps. It was a narrow escape as the wind at the time was blowing almost a gale. The stable was full of hay, and if it had once fairly caught nothing could have saved it. Moral:—Don't let your children have matches to play with.

Falsehood and Misrepresentation.

The practice of selling the furniture of poor families for taxes has begun in Bellefonte. This is done by bringing the goods from the houses to the pavement in front of the Court House yard, and there disposing of it to the highest bidder. This is an infamous piece of business, and ought to be stopped. What splendid Republican times we have fallen upon, indeed!

The above article is from the *Watchman*, and is false every word of it. That journal has for years pursued just this course, losing no opportunity to preach a sermon on hard times—stating what is entirely false and then attributing it to Republican times or rule. This is a species of demagogism so contemptible that it is hardly worthy of notice. But when it makes the assertion as though it was of daily occurrence that poor people have their furniture taken into the Diamond and sold it is a reflection upon the honor of our industrious poor which deserves attention.

The fact is, the poor men of this town pay their taxes better as a class than any other people we have. It is only those who do not want to pay anything (as a rule) who have their goods advertised, and even this class never have allowed proceedings to go so far as to have their goods actually sold. No tax collector in this town has sold out anyone for taxes, and all this false sympathy which some demagogue would like to raise to serve some contemptible purpose of his own is entirely useless. There is one instance of the tax collector selling a man's furniture, and it happened in this way: The gentleman (we do not think it necessary to give his name) owed school and borough tax. He was intending to leave the town, and being an honest man and not desiring to part with the little money which he had, thought he would ask the tax collector to take his furniture and sell it. He approached Mr. Keichline upon the subject who agreed to do it for him if that was his wish. He said he would be glad to have it done, and the tax collector, at his request, took the goods and sold them, returning the money to the owner, who then paid his taxes.

Now this one case is all there is upon which to base the statement made by the *Watchman*. It is such false assertions as these which interfere with all the machinery of our borough government. Many men, without a moment's reflection, will give them credit and cry "shame! shame!" The fact is, that all men are taxed according to their ability to pay, and the poor are just as able to pay the little sum levied against them as are the more prosperous class. They have a whole year to pay it in, and it is a libel against them to assert that they do not pay or that they resist in the least degree the payment. And what is more, they pay cheerfully and with less grumbling than any other class of tax payers. The truth is, they pay better than the editor of the *Watchman*, who has not paid his school tax for two years. Perhaps "that is what's the matter with the hen."

Plain Talk.

A large majority of the young men growing up are of no account. They are relying on "fathers" to take care of them. They would starve if cast out into the world and compelled to take care of themselves. They are lacking in self-reliance, in pluck, in perseverance, in the willingness to labor at anything to make an honest living. The trouble is, they feel above laboring for a livelihood—and just as long as they have such notions, there is no hope for them. Any trade or calling is better than idleness, for idleness produces worthlessness. It is better to be a shoemaker, a blacksmith, a carpenter, a laborer on the farm than it is to be a loafer. Some of our best and worthiest and greatest men have risen to their distinguished positions from these humble callings. Everybody respects the man who is not afraid to work. People will trust him and honor him, and do all they can to help him. It may be starting on the lower round of the ladder, but a higher and still higher round can be reached by those possessing energy, pluck and industry.

Dramatic Entertainment.

The Centennial Temperance Club will give an entertainment next Friday evening at Reynolds' Hall. The drama entitled the "Temperance Doctor" will be presented, also one scene from the "Lady of Lyons," and will conclude with the "Rum Demon's Twelve Drops." All the characters will be represented by the young people of our town and the proceeds devoted to the use of the Club. We hope our people will give this enterprise a cordial support. The Club is in need of funds, and no more worthy object demands our charity at this time. The Club has done and is doing a good work. We feel certain that our citizens appreciate it. Let them show it, therefore, by attending this entertainment, where they will do a good deed and enjoy themselves at the same time.

Brummell's at Green's.

We notice that our friend, C. B. Gould, now editor of the Cameron county *Press*, but formerly managing editor of the *National*, of this place, is, notwithstanding his late *trial by fire*, determined to march steadily onward keeping up with the progress of the age. With the beginning of the first number of volume 13 of the *Press* that paper appeared in a neat quarto form. We cannot honestly say that it is otherwise improved, because with its neat, new dress it was before about as good as it could be; indeed, we might say it was a "thing of beauty." We like it, however, in its present shape much better. We are among those who believe that the county papers should be preserved in book form, as a convenience to the future local historian who may want to write a book, or to the antiquarian who may want to delve into the mysteries of the past. The *Press* is now in the most convenient shape for binding. We wish Brother Gould abundant success, and are glad to see that, notwithstanding he has so lately lost everything by fire, yet he is able to revive the *Press* like a sphinx from its ashes more beautiful than ever.

Doak & Lonberger, painters, whose advertisement will be found in another column, are prepared for their spring trade, and will do kalsomining, paper hanging and painting at short notice and at reasonable prices. These gentlemen have had a large experience in this business and specimens of their work can be found in many of the best houses of the town. Those who have had them once do not fail to call upon them again when they have work to do. Aside from their ability as workmen we consider the fact that they are steady men of temperance principles of the most pronounced type, a great recommendation to public patronage and favor. If you have painting, kalsomining, paper hanging or glazing to do call on Doak & Lonberger, and we will guarantee you will get a good job.

The Detroit *Free Press* says that tramps in Michigan get warm tongue at every house. The *Watchman* adds that in Bellefonte they get only cold shoulder. We saw one call at Col. Hasting's, on Linn street, one day this week, and he got a cord of wood to split and put in the cellar. That's better yet.

The last number of the *British Medical Journal* says that "one of the most curious facts connected with insanity is the utter absence of tears among lunatics." We have a striking illustration of this truth right here in town. The editor of the *Watchman* never shed a tear in his life.

We have received from Joseph Baker, of College township, a present of about a peck of Snow Flake potatoes, which he says are about eight days later than the Early Rose. They look very nice. He has left some of them at stores in this town for sale.

WHAT a sensible thing it is to refuse to allow intelligent American women to vote, practice law, &c., when we make ignorant foreigners our peers before they can speak a word of English or understand the first principles of Republican government!

The Bellefonters at the military election, at Huntingdon, last week, were Lieutenant-Colonel D. S. Keller, Major Jack L. Spangler, Capt. O. W. VanValin, Lieutenant-Colonel D. H. Hastings, Lieutenants H. A. Williams and William Garres.

It has been proven, beyond a doubt, that Newman, at the Eagle Clothing Hall, sells better goods for less money than can be bought anywhere else in Central Pennsylvania. His good ready-made are far superior to cheap custom made. Such are facts. 12-tf

The Town Council will meet on Thursday evening, March 27, for the purpose of settling all claims against the borough. Any person having bills will then present them.

ISAAC MITCHELL,
Clerk of Council.

Doak & Loneberger request us to say that all orders for painting, glazing, paper hanging or kalsomining, left at Wilson & McFarlane's hardware store, will receive their prompt attention.

The Huntingdon *Journal*, in noticing the enlargement of the *News* of that place, says it has "borrowed bowels." We wonder if they will get costive.

The spring session of the Boalsburg Academy will commence on the 8th of April and continue ten weeks. The prospects for a full school are very good.

We have a few copies of the "History of Centre county," by Maynard, which we will sell at publishers' price, viz: $3 per copy.

The best white shirt in the State for one dollar, at Newman's Eagle Clothing Hall. 12-tf

The usual meeting of the Murphy temperance organization of this place was held in the rooms of Y. M. C. Association, on last Thursday evening, at which meeting Gen. W. H. Blair introduced a resolution indicative of the valuable services rendered by Rev. G. W. Miller in the temperance cause. Mr. Miller is about leaving Bellefonte to enter upon a new field of labor, and in his departure the temperance movement in our town loses one of its most earnest supporters. The resolution submitted by Gen. Blair was unanimously adopted, viz:

Resolved, That as the Rev. G. W. Miller is about leaving this place for a new field of labor we deem this a fitting occasion to express our sense of his services in the cause of temperance since among us, and we commend him to the friends of total abstinence and prohibition wherever his lot may be cast.

Resolved, That this resolution be published in the papers of Bellefonte, and a copy furnished Mr. Miller.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Domestic Monthly.

The April number of this favorite magazine comes to us in every respect so excellent that even the harshest critic would bestow it praise. In paper, print and contents, it is all that a first-class magazine should be. Its recent enlargement has greatly increased its fame, and it now enjoys a popularity not attained by any of its competitors. Twenty-two pages of this number are devoted to Fashion (Spring Styles), which are divided up into a comprehensive review of fashion; which gives an admirable view of its present *status*, and full description of all the recent novelties; descriptions of the numerous costumes and individual garments represented on the colored plate and by engravings; illustrated articles on Seasonable Fabrics, Trimmings, Hosiery, Millinery, Coiffures, *Lingerie*, Fancy and Needle Work, etc. An abundance of fresh and reliable information concerning every department of fashion is provided, and the wants of ladies are judiciously consulted, who will find in it everything they need for guidance and instruction in supplying their needs at this season. The colored plate is exquisitely handsome, and represents two views of a very stylish street costume.

Among the literary contents, which, as usual, are of very high order, we find another installment of Mary Cecil Hay's charming serial, "Her Three Lovers," several entertaining sketches, entitled "Kitty's Count," and "A Story of the Transvaal," poems by Sara Jewett, "Dorr," and others, and No. 7 in Eben E. Rexford's interesting series of "Flower Talks." The ever-enjoyable Miscellany, sprightly Small Talk, instructive Household Department, elaborate reviews of new books, add not a little to the rare interest of the number, while the "Mosaics Man" is peculiarly happy.

The *Domestic Monthly* is published by BLAKE & COMPANY, 849 Broadway, New York, at $1.50 per year, inclusive of patern premium. Specimen copies, 15 cents.

THE April number of the *Electric Magazine* is remarkable, both for the high average excellence of its contents and for the number of special papers which separately challenge attention. There are no less than sixteen articles, besides the four editorial departments; and every taste will find something to gratify it. "The March of an English Generation through Life" is a highly interesting and profoundly suggestive *resume* of English vital statistics; "The New Star which Faded into Star-Mist" is one of Mr. Proctor's always instructive studies in popular astronomy; and Prof. Goldwin Smith's paper on "The Proposed Substitutes for Religion" deals with a subject of inexhaustible interest. Apropos of the war, there are two notable good descriptive papers—one entitled "Over the Balkans with General Gourko," and the other, "Constantinople," By James Bryce. The latter has already become famous in England. Other noteworthy articles are, the beginning of a series by Twain on "France before the Outbreak of the Revolution;" a timely biographical sketch of "Count Cavour;" "Professor Huxley on the Degeneracy of Modern Opinion;" "Keats' Love-Letters;" and a thrilling narrative of "A Ride for Life." A Sketch (with steel portrait) of Professor Marsh; three or four poems; additional chapters of Mr. Black's story, "Macleod of Dare;" and the well-filled editorial departments complete a new of exceptional variety and interest. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. $5 per year; single copies, 45 cents. Trial subscription for three months, $1.

MARRIED.

McBATH—MUSSELMAN—On the 14th inst., at the residence of Mr. A. Houserman, by Rev. H. F. Long, Mr. Thomas McBath, of Obrien county, Iowa, and Miss Angeline Musselman, of College township, this county.

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, March 27, 1878.

QUOTATIONS.

White wheat per bushel	$1 15
Red wheat	1 15
Rye per bushel	55
Corn, ear	40
Corn, shelled	45
Oats	28
Cloverseed	4 50
Flour, retail, per barrel	7 00
Flour, wholesale	6 25

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay, choice timothy, per ton	$12 00
Hay, mixed, per ton	10 00
Long rye straw, bundled, per ton	8 50
Short straw per ton	6 50@8 50

PLASTER.

Cayuga, ground, per ton	$ 9 00
Nova Scotia, ground, per ton	10 00

Provision Market.

Corrected weekly by Valentines & Co.

Apples, dried, per pound	7
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Beans per quart	7
Fresh butter per pound	25
Chickens per pound	6
Cheese per pound	18
Country hams per pound	10
Hams, sugar cured	12½
Bacon	7
Lard per pound	7
Eggs per doz	10
Tallow per pound	7
Potatoes per pushel	20
Dried beef	20
Wilson's pressed beef per pound	25
Canned tomatoes per can	16
Lemons per doz	40
Dried sweet corn per pound	7
Small onions per quart	5

Stock Markets.

Quotation of White, Powell, & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 42 South Third Street.

Stock and bonds bought and sold on commission.

PHILADELPHIA, March 23, 1878.

	BID.	ASKED.
U. S. 1881, c	106¾	106¾
" 5-20 " '65, J. and J	104¼	104⅝
" " " '67, " "	107	107⅛
" " " '68, " "	108⅛	109⅛
" 10-40 coupon	105⅛	105⅝
" Pacific 6's, cy	118½	119
New 5's, Reg. '81	104¼	104½
" " c '81	104¼	104⅝
" 4½'s, Reg. 91	102⅜	102⅝
" c '81	102⅞	103
" 4's, Reg. 1907	100⅛	100⅝
" " c. 1907	101⅛	101⅝
Gold	101	101¼
Pennsylvania	28¼	28⅝
Reading	13⅝	13⅝
Philadelphia and Erie	7¾	8⅛
Lehigh Navigation	17¼	17¾
" Valley	38⅞	39
United R. R. of N. J	115½	116
Pittsburg, T. & Buffalo R. R	6⅝	6¾
Northern Central	13	14
Central Transportation	35	35½
Nesquehoning	44¾	45
North Pennsylvania	35	36